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ENGLANDS

HELICON

Casta placent superis,
pura cum veste venite,
Et manibus puris
sumite fontis aquam.

AT LONDON
Printed by I. R. for *Iohn Flasket*, and are
to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe
of the Beare. 1600.

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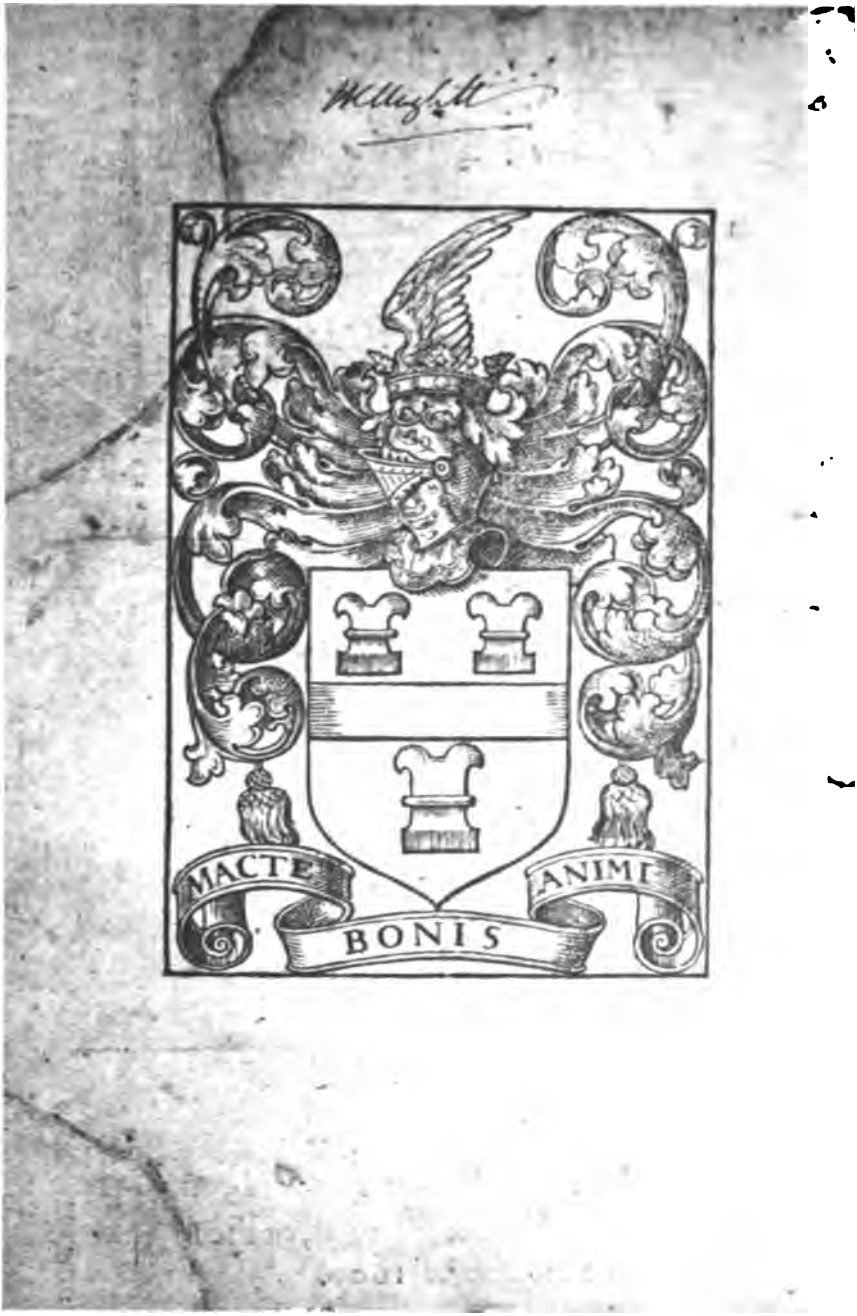

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM THE LIBRARY OF
WILLIAM A. WHITE
JUNE 26, 1930

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To the Reader, if indifferent.

MAny honoured names haue heretofore (in their particuler interest,) patronized some part of these inuentions: many here be, that onely these Collections haue brought to light, & not interiour (in the best opinions) to anie before published. The trauaile that hath beene taken in gathering them from so many handes, hath wearied some howres, which seuered, might in part haue perished, digested into this meane volume, may in the opinion of some not be altogether vnworthy the labour. If any man hath beene defrauded of any thing by him composed; by another mans title put to the same, hee hath this benefit by this collection, freely to challenge his owne in publique, where els he might be robd of his proper due. No one thing beeing here placed by the Collector of the same vnder any mans name, eyther at large, or in letters, but as it was deliuered by some especiall coppy comming to his handes. No one man, that shall take offence that his name is published to any inuention of his, but he shall within the reading of a leafe or two, meete with another in reputation euery way equal with himselfe, whose name hath beene before printed to his Poeme, which nowe taken away were more then theft: which may satisfie him that would faine seeme curious or be intreated for his fame.

Nowe, if any Stationer shall finde faulte, that his Coppies are robd by anything in this Collection, let me aske him this question, VVhy more in this, then in any Diuine or humaine Authour? From whence a man (writing of that argument) shal gather any saying, sentence, simile, or example, his name put to it who is the Authour of the same. This is the simplest of

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of many reaſons that I could vrdge, though perhaps the neereſt his capacitie, but that I would be loth to trouble my ſelfe, to ſatisfie him. Further, if any man whatſoeuer, in prizing of his owne birth or fortune, ſhall take in ſcorne, that a far meaner man in the eye of the world, ſhal be placed by him: I tell him plainly whatſoeuer ſo excepting, that, that mans wit is ſet by his, not that man by him. In which degree, the names of Poets (all feare and dutie aſcribed to her great and ſacred Name) haue beene placed with the names of the greateſt Princes of the world, by the moſt autentique and worthieſt iudgements, without diſparagement to their ſoueraigne titles: which if any man taking exception thereat, in ignorance know not, I hold him vnworthy to be placed by the meaneſt that is but graced with the title of a Poet. Thus gentle Reader I wiſh thee all happines.

L. N.

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TO HIS LOVING KINDE FRIEND, Maiſter *Iohn Bodenham*.

WIts Common-wealth, *the firſt fruites of thy paines,*
Drew on Wits Theater, *thy ſecond Sonne:*
By both of which, I cannot count the gaines,
And wondrous profit that the world hath wonne.
Next, in the Muſes Garden, *gathering flowres,*
Thou mad'ſt a Noſegay, as was neuer ſweeter:
Whoſe ſent will ſauour to Times lateſt howres,
And for the greateſt Prince no Poeſie meeter.
Now comes thy Helicon, *to make compleate*
And furniſh vp thy laſt impoſ'd deſigne:
My paines heerein, I cannot terme it great,
But what-ſo-ere, my loue (and all) is thine.
Take loue, take paines, take all remaines in me:
And where thou art, my hart ſtill lines with thee.

A. B.

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To his very louing friends, M. *Nicholas Wanton*, and M. *George Faucet*.

(··)

THough many miles (but more occaſions) doo ſunder vs (kinde Gentlemen) yet a promiſe at parting, dooth in iuſtice claime performance, and aſſurance of gentle acceptance, would mightilie condemne me if I should neglect it. Helicon, *though not as I could wish, yet in ſuch good ſort as time would permit, hauing paſt the ſikes of the Preſſe, comes now to* Yorke *to ſalute her rightfull Patrone firſt, and next (as his deere friends and kindſmen) to offer you her kinde ſeruice. If shee ſpeede well there, it is all shee requires, if they frowne at her heere, she greatly not cares: for the wiſe (shee knowes) will neuer be other then them ſelues, as for ſuch then as would ſeeme ſo, but neither are, nor euer will be, she holds this as a maine principle; that their malice needs as little be feared, as their fauour or friendſhip is to be deſired. So hoping you will not forget vs there, as we continuallie shall be mindefull of you heere. I leaue you to the delight of* Englands Helicon.

Yours in all he may,

A. B.

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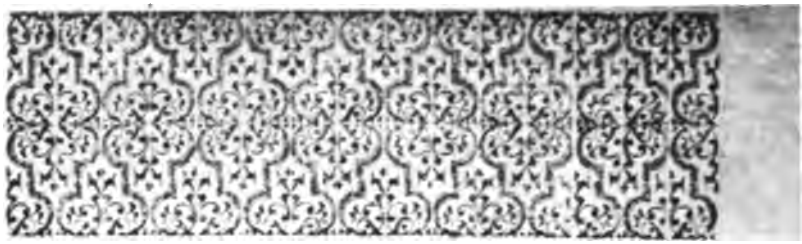

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The Sheepheard to his choſen Nimph.

ONely ioy, now heere you are,
Fit to heare and eaſe my care:
Let my whiſpring voyce obtaine,
Sweet reward for ſharpeſt paine.
Take me to thee, and thee to me,
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Night hath cloſ'd all in her cloke,
Twinkling ſtarres Loue-thoughts prouoke,
Daunger hence good care dooth keepe
Iealouſie it ſelfe dooth ſleepe.
Take me to thee, and thee to me:
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Better place no wit can finde,
Cupids yoake to looſe or binde,
Theſe ſweet flowers on fine bed too,
Vs in their beſt language woo,
Take me to thee, and thee to me:
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

This ſmall light the Moone beſtowes,
Serues thy beames but to encloſe,
So to raiſe my hap more hie,
Feare not elſe, none can vs ſpie.
Take me to thee, and thee to me:
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

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That you heard was but a Mouſe,
Dumbe ſleepe holdeth all the houſe,
Yet a-ſleepe me thinks they ſay,
Young folkes, take time while you may.
Take me to thee, and thee to me:
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Niggard Time threats, if we miſſe
This large offer of our bliſſe,
Long ſtay, ere he graunt the ſame,
(Sweet then) while each thing dooth frame,
Take me to thee, and thee to me:
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Your faire Mother is a bed,
Candles out, and Curtaines ſpred,
She thinks you doo Letters write,
Write, but let me firſt indite.
Take me to thee, and thee to me,
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Sweete (alas) why faine you this?
Concord better fitteth vs.
Leaue to *Mars* the force of hands,
Your power in your beauty ſtands.
Take me to thee, and thee to me:
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Woe to me, and you doo ſweare
Me to hate, but I forbeare,
Curſed be my deſtenies all,
That brought me to ſo high a fall.
Soone with my death I will pleaſe thee:
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

FINIS. *S. Phil. Sidney.*

THEO-

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THEORELLO.

A Sheepheards Edition.

YOu Sheepheards which on hillocks ſit,
like Princes in their thrones:
And guide your flocks, which elſe would ſlit
your flocks of little ones:
Good Kings haue not diſdained it,
but Sheepheards haue beene named:
A ſheepe-hooke is a Scepter fit,
for people well reclaimed.
The Sheepheards life ſo honour'd is and praiſed:
That Kings leſſe happy ſeeme, though higher raiſed.

The Sommer Sunne hath guilded faire,
with morning rayes the mountaines:
The birds doo caroll in the ayre,
and naked Nimphs in Fountaines.
The *Siluanes* in their ſhagged haire,
with *Hamadriades* trace:
The ſhadie *Satyres* make a Quiere,
which rocks with Ecchoes grace.
All breathe delight, all ſolace in the ſeaſon:
Not now to ſing, were enemie to reaſon.

Coſma my Loue, and more then ſo,
the life of mine affections:
Nor life alone, but Lady too,
and Queene of their directions.
Coſma my Loue, is faire you know,
and which you Sheepheards know not:
Is (*Sophi* ſaid) thence called ſo,
but names her beauty ſhowe not.
Yet hath the world no better name then ſhe:
And then the world, no fairer thing can be.

The Sunne vpon her fore-head ſtands,
(or iewell Sunne-like glorious,)

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Her fore-head wrought with *Iues* owne hands,
for heauenly white notorious.
Her golden lockes like *Hermus* ſands,
(or then bright *Hermus* brighter:)
A ſpangled Cauill binds in with bands,
then ſhuer morning lighter.
And if the Planets are the chiefe in skies:
No other ſtarres then Planets are her eyes.

Her checke, her lip, freſh checke, more freſh,
then ſelfe-blowne buds of Roſes:
Rare lip, more red then thoſe of fleſh,
which thouſand ſweetes encloſes:
Sweet breath, which all things dooth refreſh,
and words than breath farre ſweeter:
Cheeke firme, lip firme, not fraile nor neſh,
as ſubſtance which is fleeter.
In praiſe doo not ſurmount, although in placing:
Her chriſtall necke, round breaſt, and armes embracing.

The thorough-ſhining ayre I weene,
is not ſo perfect cleare:
As is the skie of her faire skinne,
whereon no ſpots appeare.
The parts which ought not to be ſeene,
for ſouereigne woorth excell:
Her thighs with Azure braunched beene,
and all in her are well.
Long Iuorie hands, legges ſtraighter then the Pine:
Well ſhapen feete, but vertue moſt diuine.

Nor cloathed like a Sheepheardeſſe,
but rather like a Queene:
Her mantle dooth the formes expreſſe,
of all which may be ſeene.
Roabe fitter for an Empreſſe,
then for a Sheepheards loue:

Roabe

Roabe fit alone for ſuch a Laſſe,
as Emperours doth moue.
Roabe which heauens Queene, the bride of her owne brother,
Would grace herſelfe with, or with ſuch another.

Who euer (and who elſe but *Ione*)
embroidered the ſame:
Hee knew the world, and what did moue,
in all the mightie frame.
So well (belike his skill to proue)
the counterfeits he wrought:
Of wood-Gods, and of euery groaue,
and all which elſe was ought.
Is there a beaſt, a bird, a fiſh worth noate?
Then that he drew, and picturde in her coate.

A vaile of Lawne like vapour thin
vnto her anckle trailes:
Through which the ſhapes diſcerned bin,
as too and fro it failes.
Shapes both of men, who neuer lin
to ſearch her wonders out:
Of monſters and of Gods a kin,
which her empale about.
A little world her flowing garment ſeemes:
And who but as a wonder thereof deemes?

For heere and there appeare forth towers,
among the chalkie downes:
Cities among the Country bowers,
which ſmiling Sun-ſhine crownes.
Her metrall buskins deckt with flowers,
as th'earth when froſts are gone:
Beſprinckled are with Orient ſhowers
of hayle and pebble ſtone.
Her feature peereleſſe, peereleſſe her attire,
I can but loue her loue, with zeale entire.

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O who can ſing her beauties beſt,
or that remaines vnſung?
Doe thou *Apollo* tune the reſt,
vnworthy is my tongue.
To gaze on her, is to be bleſt,
ſo wondrous fayre her face is;
Her fairenes cannot be expreſt,
in Goddeſſes nor Graces.
I loue my loue, the goodly worke of Nature:
Admire her face, but more admire her ſtature.

On thee (ô *Coſmo*) will I gaze,
and reade thy beauties euer:
Delighting in the bleſſed maze,
which can be ended neuer.
For in the luſter of thy rayes,
appeares thy parents brightnes:
Who himſelfe infinite diſplaies
in thee his proper greatnes.
My ſong muſt end, but neuer my deſire:
For *Coſmus* face is *Theorellos* fire.

FINIS. *E. B.*

Aſtrophels *Loue is dead.*

RIng out your belles, let mourning ſhewes be ſpread,
For Loue is dead.
All loue is dead infected
With plague of deepe diſdaine:
Worth as nought worth reiected,
And faith faire ſcorne doth gaine.
From ſo vngratefull fancie,
From ſuch a feruall frenzie,
From them that vſe men thus:
Good Lord deliuer vs.

Weepe

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Weepe neighbours weepe, doe you not heare it faide
That Loue is dead?
His death-bed Peacocks follie,
His winding ſheete is ſhame:
His will falſe, ſeeming holie,
His ſole exectour blame.
From ſo vngratefull fancie,
From ſuch a female frenzie,
From them that vſe men thus:
Good Lord deliuer vs.

Let Dirge be ſunge, and Trentals richly read,
For Loue is dead.
And wrong his Tombe ordaineth,
My Miſtreſſe marble hart:
Which Epitaph containeth,
Her eyes were once his Dart.
From ſo vngratefull fancie,
From ſuch a female frenzie,
From them that vſe men thus:
Good Lord deliuer vs.

Alas, I lye, rage hath this errour bred,
Loue is not dead.
Loue is not dead, but ſleepeth
In her vnmatched minde:
Where ſhee his counſell keepeth,
Till due deſert ſhe find.
Therefore from ſo vile fancie,
To call ſuch wit a frenzie,
Who loue can temper thus:
Good Lord deliuer vs.

FINIS. *Sir. Phil. Sidney.*

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To his very louing friends, M. *Nicholas Wanton*, and M. George *Faucet*.

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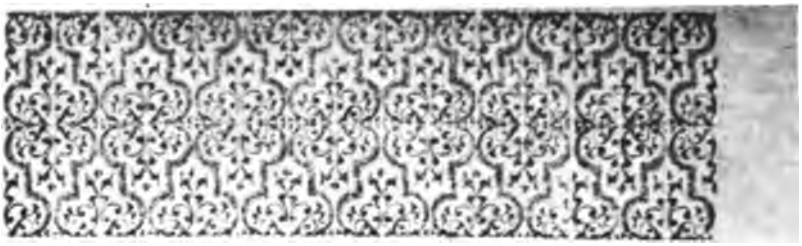

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Her golden lockes like *Hermus* ſands,
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Rare lip, more red then thoſe of fleſh,
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as Emperours doth moue.
Roabe which heauens Queene, the bride of her owne brother,
Would grace herſelfe with, or with ſuch another.

Who euer (and who elſe but *Ioue*)
embroidered the ſame:
Hee knew the world, and what did moue,
in all the mightie frame.
So well (belike his skill to proue)
the counterfeits he wrought:
Of vvood-Gods, and of euery groaue,
and all which elſe was ought.
Is there a beaſt, a bird, a fiſh worth noate?
Then that he drew, and picturde in her coate.

A vaile of Lawne like vapour thin
vnto her anckle trailes:
Through which the ſhapes diſcerned bin,
as too and fro it failes.
Shapes both of men, who neuer lin
to ſearch her wonders out:
Of monſters and of Gods a kin,
which her empale about.
A little world her flowing garment ſeemes:
And who but as a wonder thereof deemes?

For heere and there appeare forth towers,
among the chalkie downes:
Cities among the Country bowers,
vvhich ſmiling Sun-ſhine crownes.
Her mettall buskins deckt with flowers,
as th'earth when froſts are gone:
Beſprinckled are with Orient ſhowers
of hayle and pebble ſtone.
Her feature peereleſſe, peereleſſe her attire,
I can but loue her loue, with zeale entire.

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O who can ſing her beauties beſt,
or that remaines vnſung?
Doe thou *Apollo* tune the reſt,
vnworthy is my tongue.
To gaze on her, is to be bleſt,
ſo wondrous fayre her face is;
Her fairenes cannot be expreſt,
in Goddeſſes nor Graces.
I loue my loue, the goodly worke of Nature:
Admire her face, but more admire her ſtature.

On thee (ô *Coſmo*) will I gaze,
and reade thy beauties euer:
Delighting in the bleſſed maze,
which can be ended neuer.
For in the luſter of thy rayes,
appeares thy parents brightnes:
Who himſelfe infinite diſplaies
in thee his proper greatnes.
My ſong muſt end, but neuer my deſire:
For *Coſmus* face is *Theorellus* fire.

FINIS. *E. B.*

Aſtrophels *Loue is dead.*

RIng out your belles, let mourning ſhewes be ſpread,
For Loue is dead.
All loue is dead infected
With plague of deepe diſdaine:
Worth as nought worth reiected,
And faith faire ſcorne doth gaine.
From ſo vngratefull fancie,
From ſuch a femall frenzie,
From them that vſe men thus:
Good Lord deliuer vs.

Weepe

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Weepe neighbours weepe, doe you not heare it saide
That Loue is dead?
His death-bed Peacocks follie,
His winding sheete is shame:
His will false, seeming holie,
His sole exectour blame.
From so vngratefull fancie,
From such a female frenzie,
From them that vse men thus:
Good Lord deliuer vs.

Let Dirge be sunge, and Trentals richly read,
For Loue is dead.
And wrong his Tombe ordaineth,
My Mistresse marble hart:
Which Epitaph containeth,
Her eyes were once his Dart.
From so vngratefull fancie,
From such a female frenzie,
From them that vse men thus:
Good Lord deliuer vs.

Alas, I lye, rage hath this errour bred,
Loue is not dead.
Loue is not dead, but sleepeth
In her vnmatched minde:
Where shee his counsell keepeth,
Till due desert she find.
Therefore from so vile fancie,
To call such wit a frenzie,
Who loue can temper thus:
Good Lord deliuer vs.

FINIS. *Sir. Phil. Sidney.*

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¶ *A Palinode.*

AS withereth the Primrose by the riuer,
As fadeth Sommers-ſunne from gliding fountaines;
As vaniſheth the light blowne bubble euer,
As melteth ſnow vpon the moſſie Mountaines.
So melts, ſo vaniſheth, ſo fades, ſo withers,
The Roſe, the ſhine, the bubble and the ſnow,
Of praiſe, pompe, glorie, ioy, (which ſhort life gathers,)
Faire praiſe, vaine pompe, ſweet glory, brittle ioy.
The withered Primrose by the mourning riuer,
The faded Sommers-ſunne from weeping fountaines:
The light-blowne bubble, vaniſhed for euer,
The molten ſnow vpon the naked mountaines,
Are Emblems that the treaſures we vp-lay,
Soone wither, vaniſh, fade, and melt away.

For as the ſnowe, whoſe lawne did ouer-ſpread
Th'ambitious hills, which Giant-like did threat
To pierce the heauen with theyr aſpiring head,
Naked and bare doth leaue their craggie ſeate.
When as the bubble, which did emptie flie
The daliance of the vndiſcerned winde:
On whoſe calme rowling waues it did relie,
Hath ſhipwrack made, where it did daliance finde:
And when the Sun-ſhine which diſſolu'd the ſnow,
Coullourd the bubble with a pleaſant varie,
And made the rathe and timely Primrose grow,
Swarth clowdes with-drawne (which longer time doe tarie)
Oh what is praiſe, pompe, glory, ioy, but ſo
As ſhine by fountaines, bubbles, flowers or ſnow?

FINIS. *E. B.*

¶ Aſtrophell

¶ Astrophell *the Sheep-heard, his complaint to his flocke.*

GOe my flocke, goe get yee hence,
Seeke a better place of feeding:
Where yee may haue some defence
From the stormes in my breast breeding,
And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leaue a wretch, in whom all woe,
can abide to keepe no measure:
Merry Flocke, such one forgoe
vnto whom mirth is displeasure,
onely ritch in mischiefes treasure.

Yet (alas) before you goe,
heare your wofull Maisters Stoele:
Which to stones I else would showe,
Sorrow onely then hath glorie:
when tis excellently sorrie.

Stella, fiercest Sheepheardesse,
fiercest, but yet fairest euer:
Stella, whom the heauens still blesse,
though against me she perseuer,
though I blisse, inherite neuer.

Stella, hath refused me,
Stella, who more loue hath proued
In this caitiffe hart to be,
Then can in good by vs be moued:
Towards Lambkins best beloued.

Stella, hath refused me,
Astrophell that so well serued.
In this pleasant Spring must see
while in pride flowers be preserued:
himselfe onely Winter-sterued.

Why (alas) then dooth she sweare,
that she loueth me so dearely?
Seeing me so long to beare
coales of loue that burne so clearely:
and yet leaue me helplesse meerely?

Is that loue? Forsooth I trow,
if I saw my good dogge greeued:
And a helpe for him did know,
my Loue should not be beleeued:
but he were by me releeued.

No, she hates me, well away,
faigning loue, somewhat to please me:
Knowing, if she should display
all her hate, Death soone would seaze me:
and of hideous torments ease me.

Then my deare Flocke now adiew,
but (alas) if in your straying,
Heauenly *Stella* meete with you,
tell her in your pittious blaying:
her poore slaues vniust decaying.

FINIS. *S. Phil. Sidney.*

¶ Hobbinolls *Dittie in prayse of* Eliza *Queene of the Sheapheards.*

YEe dainty Nimphs that in this blessed Brooke
Doo bath your brest;
Forsake your watry Bowers, and hether looke
At my request.
And you faire Virgins that on *Parnasse* dwell,
Whence floweth *Helicon* the learned well:

Helpe

Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Who in her sexe dooth all excell.

Of faire *Eliza* be your siluer song,
That blessed wight:
The flower of Virgins, may she flourish long
In Princely plight:
For shee is *Syrinx* daughter, without spot,
Which *Pan* the Sheephearde God on her begot:
So sprung her Grace,
Of heauenly race:
No mortall blemish may her blot.

See where she sits vpon the grassie greene,
O seemely sight:
Yclad in scarlet, like a mayden Queene,
And Ermines white.
Vpon her head a crimson Coronet,
With Daffadills and Damaske Roses set,
Bay leaues betweene,
And Primeroses greene
Embellish the sweet Violet.

Tell me, haue ye beheld her Angels face,
Like *Phœbe* faire?
Her heauenly hauiour, her Princely Grace,
Can well compare
The red-Rose medled and the white yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten liuely cheere.
Her modest eye,
Her Maiestie,
Where haue you seene the like but there?

I saw *Phœbus* thrust out his golden head,
On her to gaze:
But when he saw how broade his beames did spread:
It did him maze.

He bluſht to ſee an other Sunne below,
Ne durſt againe his fierie face out-ſhow:
Let him if he dare
His brightnes compare
With hers, to haue the ouerthrow.

Shew thy ſelfe *Cynthia* with thy ſiluer rayes,
And be not abaſht,
When ſhe the beames of her beauty diſplayes,
Oh how art thou daſht?
But I will not match her with *Latonaes* ſeede,
Such folly great ſorrow to *Niobe* did breede,
Now is ſhe a ſtone,
And makes deadly moane,
Warning all other to take heede.

Pan may be proud, that euer he begot
Such a Bellibone:
And *Syrinx* reioyce, that euer was her lot
To beare ſuch a one.
Soone as my Younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milke-white Lamb.
Shee is my Goddeſſe plaine,
And I her Sheepheards Swaine,
Albe for-ſwonck and for-ſwat I am.

I ſee *Caliope* ſpeede her to the place,
Where my Goddeſſe ſhines:
And after her the other Muſes trace
With their Violines.
Bin they not Bais-braunches which they doo beare:
All for *Elues* in her hand to weare?
So ſweetly they play,
And ſing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Loe how finely the *Graces* can it foote,
to the Inſtrument:

They

They daunced deffely, and fingerfoote
In their merriment.
Wants not a fourth *Grace* to make the daunce euen?
Let that roome to my Lady be giuen.
Shee ſhall be a *Grace*,
To fill the fourth place,
And raigne with the reſt in heauen.

And whether runnes this beuie of Ladies bright,
Ranged in a roe?
They been all Ladies of the Lake behight
That vnto her goe:
Chloris, that is the chiefe Nimph of all,
Of Oliue-braunches beares a Coronall:
Oliues beene for peace
When warres doo ſurceaſe,
Such for a Princeſſe beene principall.

Bring hether the Pinke and purple Cullumbine,
With Gillyflowers
Bring ſweet Carnations, and Sops in vvine,
Worne of Paramours.
Strew me the ground with Daffa-down-Dillies,
And Cowſlips, and Kings-cups, and loued Lillies,
The pretty Paunce,
And the Cheuiſaunce,
Shall match with the faire flower-Delice.

Ye Sheepheards daughters that dwell on the greene,
Hie you there a pace,
Let none come there but ſuch as Virgins beene,
To adorne her Grace.
And when you come where as ſhe is in place:
See that your rudenes doo not you diſgrace.
Bind your Fillets faſt,
And gird on your waſt:
For more fineneſſe with a Tawdrie lace.

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Now rise vp *Elues*, decked as thou art,
In royall ray:
And now ye dainty Damsels may depart,
Each one her way.
I feare I haue troubled your troupes too long:
Let dame *Elues* thanke you for her Song.
And if you come hether,
When Damzins I gather
I will part them all, you among.

FINIS. *Edm. Spencer.*

¶ *The Shepheards* Daffadill.

GOrbo, as thou cam'ſt this way
By yonder little hill,
Or as thou through the fields didſt ſtray,
Saw'ſt thou my *Daffadil*?

Shee's in a frock of Lincolne greene,
The colour Maydes delight,
And neuer hath her Beauty ſeene
But through a vayle of white.

Then Roſes richer to behold,
That dreſſe vp Louers Bowers,
The Panſie and the Marigold
Are *Phœbus* Paramoures.

Thou well deſcrib'ſt the *Daffadill*,
It is not full an hower
Since by the Spring neere yonder hill
I ſaw that louely flower.

Yet with my flower thou didſt not meete,
Nor newes of her doeſt bring,

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Yet is my *Daffadil* more ſweete
Then that by yonder Spring.

I ſaw a Sheepheard that doth keepe
In yonder field of Lillies,
Was making (as he fed his ſheepe)
A vvreath of Daffadillies.

Yet *Gorbo*: thou deluſt me ſtill,
My flower thou didſt not ſee.
For know; my pretty *Daffadill*
Is worne of none but mee.

To ſhew it ſelfe but neere her ſeate
No Lilly is ſo bold.
Except to ſhade her from the heate,
Or keepe her from the cold.

Through yonder vale as I did paſſe
Deſcending from the hill,
I met a ſmerking Bonny laſſe,
They call her *Daffadill*.

Whoſe preſence as a-long ſhe went
The pretty flowers did greete,
As though their heads they downe-ward bent,
With homage to her feete.

And all the Sheepheards that were nie,
From top of euery hill;
Vnto the Vallies loud did crie,
There goes ſweet *Daffadill*.

I gentle Sheepheard now with ioy
Thou all my flock doeſt fill:
Come goe with me thou Sheepheards boy,
Let vs be *Daffadill*. *FINIS.* *Michaell Drayton.*

A Can-

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¶ *A Canzon Pastorall in honour of her Maiestie.*

ALas what pleasure now the pleasant Spring
Hath giuen place,
To harsh black frosts the sad ground couering,
Can wee poore wee embrace,
When euery bird on euery branch can sing
Naught but this note of woe alas?
Alas this note of woe why should we sound?
With vs as May, September hath a prime,
Then birds and branches your alas is fond,
Which call vpon the absent Sommer time:
For did flowres make our May,
Or the Sun-beames your day.
When Night and Winter did the world embrace,
Well might you waile your ill and sing alas.

Loe Matron-like the Earth her selfe attires
In habite graue,
Naked the fields are, bloomelesse are the briers,
Yet wee a Sommer haue,
Who in our clime kindleth these liuing fires,
Which bloomes can on the briers saue.
No Ice dooth christallize the running Brookes,
No blast deflowres the flowrets adorned field,
Christall is cleere, but cleerer is the looke,
Which to our climes these liuing fires dooth yield:
Winter though euery where
Hath no abiding heere:
On Brooks and Briers she doth rule alone,
The Sunne which lights our world is always one.

FINIS. *Edmund Bolton.*

Melicert

¶ *Meliceetas Madrigale.*

WHat are my Sheepe, without their wonted food?
What is my life, except I gaine my Loue?
My Sheepe consume, and faint for want of blood,
My life is lost vnlesse I *Grace* approue.
No flower that sapleſſe thriues,
No Turtle without pheare.

The day without the Sunne doth lower for woe,
Then woe mine eyes, vnleſſe they beauty ſee:
My Sonne *Samelaes* eyes, by whom I know,
Wherein delight conſiſts, where pleaſures be.
Nought more the hart reuiues,
Then to embrace his Deare.

The ſtarres from earthly humours gaine their light,
Our humours by their light poſſeſſe their power:
Samelaes eyes fed by my weeping ſight,
Infuſe my paines or ioyes, by ſmile or lower.
So wends the ſource of loue,
It feedes, it failes, it ends.

Kind lookes, cleare to your Ioy, behold her eyes,
Admire her hart, deſire to taſt her kiſſes:
In them the heauen of ioy and ſolace lyes,
Without them, euery hope his ſuccour miſſes.
Oh how I liue to prooue,
Whereto this ſolace tends?

FINIS. *Ro. Greene.*

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¶ *Olde* Damons *Paſtorall.*

FRom Fortunes frownes and change remou'd,
wend ſilly Flocks in bleſſed feeding:
None of *Damon* more belou'd,
feede gentle Lambs while I ſit reading.

Careleſſe vvorldlings outrage quelleth
all the pride and pompe of Citie:
But true peace with Sheepheards dwelleth,
(Sheepheards who delight in pitie.)
Whether grace of heauen bendeth,
on our humble minds ſuch pleaſure:
Perfect peace with Swaines abideth,
loue and faith is Sheepheards treaſure.
On the lower Plaines the thunder
little thriues, and nought preuaileth:
Yet in Cities breedeth wonder,
and the higheſt hills aſſaileth.

Enuie of a forraigne Tyrant
threatneth Kings, not Sheepheards humble:
Age makes ſilly Swaines delirant,
thirſt of rule garres great men ſtumble.
What to other ſeemeth ſorrie,
abiect ſtate and humble biding:
Is our ioy and Country glorie,
higheſt ſtates haue worſe betiding.
Golden cups doo harbour poyſon,
and the greateſt pompe, diſſembling:
Court of ſeaſoned words hath foyſon,
treaſon haunts in moſt aſſembling.

Homely breaſts doo harbour quiet,
little feare, and mickle ſolace:
States ſuſpect their bed and diet,
feare and craft doo haunt the Pallace.

Little

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Little would I, little want I,
where the mind and ſtore agreeth,
Smalleſt comfort is not ſcantie,
leaſt he longs that little ſeeth.
Time hath beene that I haue longed,
fooliſh I, to like of follie:
To conuerſe where honour thronged,
to my pleaſures linked wholy.

Now I ſee, and ſeeing ſorrow
that the day conſum'd, returnes not:
Who dare truſt vpon to morrow,
when nor time, nor life ſoiournes not?

FINIS. *Thom. Lodge.*

¶ Perigot *and* Cuddies *Roundelay.*

IT fell vpon a holy-Eue,
hey hoe holy-day:
When holy-Fathers wont to ſhriue,
now ginneth this Roundelay.
Sitting vpon a hill ſo hie,
hey hoe the hie hill:
The while my flocke did feede thereby,
the while the Sheepheards ſelfe did ſpill.

I ſaw the bouncing Bellybone,
hey hoe the Bonny-bell:
Tripping ouer the Dale alone,
ſhee can trip it very well.
Well decked in a Frock of gray,
hey hoe gray is greete:
And in a Kirtle of greene Say,
the greene is for Maydens meete.

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A Chaplet on her head ſhe wore,
hey hoe the Chaplet:
Of ſweet Violets therein was ſtore,
ſhe's ſweeter then the Violet.
My Sheepe did leaue their worted food,
hey hoe ſilly Sheepe:
And gaz'd on her as they were wood,
wood as he that did them keepe.

As the Bony-laſſe paſſed by,
hey hoe Bony-laſſe:
Shee rold at me with glauncing eye,
as cleare as the Chriſtall-glaſſe.
All as the Sunnie-beame ſo bright,
hey hoe the Sun-beame:
Glaunceth from *Phœbus* face forth right,
ſo loue into my hart did ſtreame.

Or as the thunder cleaues the clouds,
hey hoe the thunder:
Wherein the lightſome leuin ſhrouds,
ſo cleaues my ſoule a-ſunder.
Or as Dame *Cynthias* ſiluer ray,
hey hoe the moone-light:
Vpon the gliſtering waue doth play,
ſuch play is a pitteous plight.

The glaunce into my hart did glide,
hey hoe the glider:
There-with my ſoule was ſharply gride,
ſuch wounds ſoone wexen wider.
Haſting to raunch the arrow out,
hey hoe *Perigot*:
I left the head in my hart roote,
it was a deſperate ſhot.

There it rankleth aye more and more,
hey hoe the arrow:

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Ne can I finde ſalue for my ſore,
loue is a cureleſſe ſorrow.
And though my bale with death I bought,
hey hoe heauie cheere:
Yet ſhould thilke laſſe not from my thought,
ſo you may buy gold too deere.

But whether in painfull loue I pine,
hey hoe pinching paine:
Or thriue in wealth, ſhe ſhall be mine,
but if thou can her obtaine.
And if for graceleſſe greefe I dye
hey hoe graceleſſe greefe:
Witneſſe, ſhe ſlew me with her eye,
let thy folly be the preefe.

And you that ſaw it, ſimple ſheepe,
hey hoe the faire flocke:
For prieſe thereof my death ſhall weepe,
and moane with many a mocke.
So learn'd I loue on a holy-Eue,
hey hoe holy-day:
That euer ſince my hart did greeue,
now endeth our Roundelay.

FINIS. *Edm. Spenser.*

¶ Phillida and Coridon.

IN the merry moneth of May,
In a morne by breake of day,
Foorth I walked by the Wood ſide,
When as May was in his pride:
There I ſpied all alone,
Phillida and *Coridon.*
Much a-doo there was God wot,

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He would loue, and ſhe would not.
She ſayd neuer man was true,
He ſayd, none was falſe to you.
He ſayd, he had lou'd her long,
She ſayd, Loue ſhould haue no wrong.
Coridon would kiſſe her then,
She ſaid, Maides muſt kiſſe no men,
Till they did for good and all.
Then ſhe made the Sheepheard call
All the heauens to witneſſe truth:
Neuer lou'd a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as ſilly Sheepheards vſe,
When they will not Loue abuſe;
Loue, which had beene long deluded,
Was with kiſſes ſweete concluded.
And *Phillida* with garlands gay:
Was made the Lady of the May.

FINIS. *N. Breton.*

¶ *To* Colin Cloute.

BEautie ſate bathing by a Spring,
where fayreſt ſhades did hide her.
The winds blew calme, the birds did ſing,
the coole ſtreames ranne beſide her.
My wanton thoughts entic'd mine eye,
to ſee what was forbidden:
But better Memory ſaid, fie,
ſo, vaine Deſire was chidden.
hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.

Into a ſlumber then I fell,
when fond imagination:

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Seemed to see, but could not tell
her feature or her fashion.
But euen as Babes in dreames doo smile,
and sometime fall a weeping:
So I awakt, as wise this while,
as when I fell a sleeping.
hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.

FINIS. *Sheepheard Tonie.*

¶ Rowlands *Song in praise of the fairest* Beta.

O Thou siluer Thames, ô clearest christall flood,
Beta alone the Phœnix is of all thy watry brood.
The Queene of Virgins onely she,
And thou the Queene of floods shalt be.
Let all the Nimphs be ioyfull then, to see this happy day:
Thy Beta now alone shall be the subiect of my Lay.

With dainty and delightsome straines of sweetest Virelayes,
Come louely Sheepheards sit we down, & chaunt our Betas praise.
And let vs sing so rare a verse,
Our Betas praises to rehearse:
That little birds shall silent be, to heare poore Sheepheards sing:
And Riuers backward bend their course, & slow vnto the spring.

Range all thy Swannes faire Thames together on a ranke:
And place them duly one by one vpon thy stately banke.
Then sit together all a-good,
Recording to the siluer flood:
And craue the tunefull Nightingale to helpe ye with her Lay;
The Osell and the Thrustlecocke, chiefe musique of our May.

O see what troupes of Nimphs been sporting on the strands,
And they been blessed Nimphs of peace, with Olines in their hands.
How merrily the Muses sing,

That

That all the flowrie meddowes ring
And Beta *sits vpon the banke in purple and in pall,*
And she the Queene of Muses is, and weares the Coronall.

Trim vp her golden tresses with Apollos *sacred tree,*
O happy sight vnto all those that loue and honour thee,
The blessed Angels haue prepar'd
A glorious crowne for thy reward?
Not such a golden crowne as haughty Cæsar *weares:*
But such a glittering starrie crowne as Ariadne *beares.*

Make her a goodly Chaplet of azurd Cullumbine,
And wreath about her Coronet with sweetest Eglantine.
Bedock our Beta *all with Lillies.*
And the dainty Daffadillies,
With Roses Damaske, white and red, and fairest flowre-Delice:
With Cowslips of Ierusalem, and Cloaues of Paradise.

O thou faire Torch of heauen, the dayes most dearest light,
And thou bright-shining Cinthia, *the glory of the night.*
You starres the eyes of heauen,
And thou the glyding leuen,
And thou ô gorgeous Iris, *with all strange colours dyed:*
When she streames foorth her rayes, then dasht is all your pride.

See how the Day stands still, admiring of her face,
And Time loe stretcheth foorth his armes thy Beta *to embrace.*
The Sirens sing sweete Layes,
The Trytons sound her prayse,
Goe passe on Thames, and hie thee fast vnto the Ocean Sea:
And let thy billowes there proclaime thy Betas *holy-day.*

And water thou the blessed roote of that greene Oliue tree,
With whose sweete shadow all thy bancks with peace preserued be.
Laurell for Poets and Conquerours:
And Mirtle for Loues Paramours.
That fame may be thy fruite, the boughs preseru'd by peace,
And let the mournfull Cypres die, now stormes and tempests cease.

Weele

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Wotle strew the shoare with poarle, where Beta *walks a-loue,*
And we will paue her Princely Bower with richest Indian stone.
Perfume the ayre, and make it sweete,
For such a Goddesse it is meete:
For if her eyes for purity contend with Titans *light:*
No meruaile then, although they so doo dazell humaine sight.

Sound out your Trumpets then from Londons stately Towers,
To beate the stormie winds a-backe, and calme the raging showers.
Set to the Cornet and the Flute,
The Orpharion and the Lute:
And tune the Taber and the Pipe to the sweet Violons:
And moone the thunder in the ayre with lowdest Clarions.

Beta, *long may thine Altars smoake with yeerely sacrifise,*
And long thy sacred temples may their Sabaoths solemnise.
Thy Sheepheards watch by day and night,
Thy Maides attend the holy light;
And thy large Empire stretch her armes from East vnto the West:
And Albion *on the* Appenines *aduaunce her conquering crest.*

FINIS. *Mich. Drayton.*

¶ *The Barginet of* Antimachus.

IN pride of youth, in midst of May,
When birds with many a merry Lay,
salute the Sunnes vp-rising:
I sate me downe fast by a Spring,
And while these merry Chaunters sing,
I fell vpon surmizing.
Amidst my doubt and minds debate,
Of change of time, of vvorlds estate,
I spyed a boy attired
In siluer plumes, yet naked quite,
Saue pretty feathers fit for flight,

wherewith he still aspired.
A bowe he bore to worke mens wrack,
A little Quiuer at his back,
with many arrowes filled:
And in his soft and pretty hand,
He held a liuely burning brand,
where-with he Louers killed.
Fast by his side, in rich array,
There sate a louely Lady gay,
his mother as I guessed:
That set the Lad vpon her knee,
And trimd his bowe, and taught him flee,
and mickle Loue professed.
Oft from her lap at sundry stoures,
He leapt, and gathered Sommer flowres,
both Violets and Roses:
But see the chaunce that followed fast,
As he the pompe of prime dooth wast,
before that he supposes:
A Bee that harbour'd hard thereby,
Did sting his hand, and made him crye
Oh Mother, I am wounded:
Faire *Venus* that beheld her Sonne,
Cryed out alas, I am vndone,
and there-vpon she swounded.
My little Lad the Goddesse stayd,
Who hath my *Cupid* so dismayd?
he aunswered: Gentle Mother
The hony-worker in the Hiue,
My greefe and mischiefe dooth contriue,
alas it is none other.
Shee kist the Lad: Now marke the chaunce,
And straite she fell into a traunce,
and crying, thus concluded:
Ah wanton boy, like to the Bee,
Thou with a kisse hast wounded me,
and haplesse Loue included.
A little Bee dooth thee affright,

But

But ah, my wounds are full of ſprights,
and cannot be recured:
The boy that kiſt his Mothers paine,
Gan ſmile, and kiſt her whole againe,
and made her hope aſſured.
She ſuckt the wound, and ſwag'd the ſting,
And little Loue ycurde did ſing,
then let no Louer ſorrowe
To day though greeſe attaint his hart,
Let him with courage bide the ſmart,
amends will come to morrow.

FINIS. *Thom. Lodge.*

¶ Menaphons *Roundelay.*

WHen tender Ewes brought home with euenings Sun,
Wend to their Folds,
And to their holds
The Sheepheards trudge when light of day is done:
Vpon a tree,
The Eagle *Ioues* faire bird did pearch,
There reſteth hee.
A little Flie his harbour then did ſearch,
And did preſume,(though others laugh'd thereat)
To pearch whereas the Princely Eagle ſat.

The Eagle frownd, and ſhooke his royall wings,
And charg'd the Flie
From thence to hie.
Afraide, in haſt the little creature ſings,
Yet ſeekes againe,
Fearefull to pearke him by the Eagles ſide.
With moodie vaine
The ſpeedie poaſt of *Ganimede* replide:
Vaſſaile auaunt. or with my wings you die.
Is't fit an Eagle ſeate him with a Flie?

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The Flie crau'd pitty, ſtill the Eagle frownd.
The ſilly Flie
Ready to die:
Diſgrac'd, diſplac'd, fell groueling to the ground.
The Eagle ſawe:
And with a royall mind ſaid to the Flie,
Be not in awe,
I ſcorne by me the meaneſt creature die.
Then ſeate thee heere: The ioyfull Flie vp-ſtings,
And ſate ſafe ſhadowed with the Eagles wings.

FINIS. *Ro. Greene.*

¶ *A Paſtorall of* Phillis *and* Coridon.

ON a hill there growes a flower,
faire befall the dainty ſweete:
By that flower there is a Bower,
where the heauenly Muſes meete.

In that Bower there is a chaire,
fringed all about with gold:
Where dooth ſit the faireſt faire,
that euer eye did yet beholde.

It is *Phillis* faire and bright,
ſhee that is the Sheepheards ioy:
Shee that *Venus* did deſpight,
and did blind her little boy.

This is ſhe, the wiſe, the rich,
that the world deſires to ſee:
This is *ipſa quæ* the which,
there is none but onely ſhee.

Who would not this face admire?
who would not this Saint adore?

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Who would not this ſight deſire,
though he thought to ſee no more?

Oh faire eyes, yet let me ſee,
one good looke, and I am gone:
Looke on me, for I am hee,
thy poore ſilly *Coridon*.

Thou that art the Sheepheards Queene,
looke vpon thy ſilly Swaine:
By thy comfort haue beene ſeene
dead men brought to life againe.

FINIS. *N. Breton.*

¶ Coridon *and* Melampus *Song.*

Cor. *Melampus*, when will Loue be void of feares?
Mel. When Iealouſie hath neither eyes nor eares.
Cor. *Melampus*, when will Loue be throughly ſhrieued?
Mel. When it is hard to ſpeake, and not beleeued.
Cor. *Melampus*, when is Loue moſt malecontent?
Mel. When Louers range, and beare their bowes vnbent.
Cor. *Melampus*, tell me, when takes Loue leaſt harme?
Mel. When Swaines ſweete pipes are puſt, and Trulls are warme.
Cor. *Melampus*, tell mè, when is Loue beſt fed?
Mel. When it hath ſuck'd the ſweet that eaſe hath bred.
Cor. *Melampus*, when is time in Loue ill ſpent?
Mel. When it earnes meede, and yet receaues no rent.
Cor. *Melampus*, when is time well ſpent in Loue?
Mel. When deedes win meedes, and words Loues works doo proue.

FINIS. *Geo. Peele.*

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¶ Tityrus *to his faire* Phillis.

THE silly Swaine whose loue breedes discontent,
Thinks death a trifle, life a loathsome thing,
Sad he lookes, sad he lyes:
But when his Fortunes mallice dooth relent,
Then of Loues sweetnes he will sweetly sing,
thus he liues, thus he dyes.
Then *Tityrus* whom Loue hath happy made,
Will rest thrice happy in this Mirtle shade.
For though Loue at first did greeue him:
yet did Loue at last releeue him.

FINIS. *I. D.*

¶ *Sheepheard.*

SWeete thrall, first step to Loues felicitie,
Sheepheardesse.
Sweete thrall, no stop to perfect libertie.
Hee. O life. *Shee.* What life?
Hee. Sweete life. *Shee.* No life more sweete:
Hee. O Loue. *Shee.* What loue?
Hee. Sweete Loue. *Shee.* No loue more meete.

FINIS. *I. M.*

Another of the same Authour.

FIelds were ouer-spread with flowers,
Fairest choise of *Floraes* treasure:
Sheepheards there had shadie Bowers,
Where they oft reposd with pleasure.

Meadowes

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Meadowes flouriſh'd freſh and gay,
where the wanton Heards did play.

Springs more cleare then Chriſtall ſtreames,
Seated were the Groues among:
Thus nor *Titans* ſcorching beames,
Nor earths drouth could Sheepheards wrong.
Faire *Pomonaes* fruitfull pride:
did the budding braunches hide.

Flocks of ſheepe fed on the Plaines,
Harmeleſſe ſheepe that roamd at large:
Heere and there ſate penſiue Swaines,
Wayting on their wandring charge.
Penſiue while their Laſſes ſmil'd:
Laſſes which had them beguil'd.

Hills with trees were richly dight,
Vallies ſtor'd with *Veſtaes* wealth:
Both did harbour ſweet delight,
Nought was there to hinder health.
Thus did heauen grace the ſoyle:
Not deform'd with work-mens toile.

Pureſt plot of earthly mold,
Might that Land be iuſtly named:
Art by Nature was controld,
Art which no ſuch pleaſures framed.
Fayrer place was neuer ſeene:
Fitteſt place for Beauties Queene.

FINIS. *I. M.*

¶ Menaphon

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¶ Menaphon to Pesana.

FAire fields proud *Flowres* vaunt, why ist you smile,
when as I languish?
You golden Meades, why strive you to beguile
my weeping anguish?
I live to sorrow, you to pleasure spring,
why doo ye spring thus?
What, will not *Boreas* tempests wrathfull King,
take some pitty on vs?
And send forth Winter in her rustie weede,
to waile my bemoanings:
While I distrest doo tune my Country Reede
vnto my groanings.
But heauen and earth, time, place, and every power,
haue with her conspired:
To turne my blisfull sweete to balefull sower,
since I this desired.
The heauen whereto my thoughts may not aspire,
aye me vnhappie:
It was my fault t'imbrace my bane the fire
that forceth me die.
Mine be the paine, but hers the cruell cause,
of this strange torment:
Wherefore no time my banning prayers shall pause,
till proud she repent.

FINIS. *Ro. Greene.*

¶ *A sweete Pastorall.*

GOod Muse rock me a sleepe,
with some sweet Harmonie:
This wearie eye is not to keepe
thy warie companie.

Sweete

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Sweete Loue be gone a while,
thou knoweſt my heauines:
Beauty is borne but to beguile,
my hart of happines.

See how my little flocke
that lou'd to feede on hie:
Doo headlong tumble downe the Rocke,
and in the Vallie die.

The buſhes and the trees
that were ſo freſh and greene:
Doo all their dainty colour leeſe,
and not a leafe is ſeene.

The Black-bird and the Thruſh,
that made the woods to ring:
With all the reſt,are now at huſh,
and not a noate they ſing.

Sweete *Philomele* the bird,
that hath the heauenly throate,
Dooth now alas not once affoord
recording of a noate.

The flowers haue had a froſt
each hearbe hath loſt her ſauour:
And *Phillida* the faire hath loſt,
the comfort of her fauour.

Now all theſe carefull ſights,
ſo kill me in conceite:
That how to hope vpon delights
it is but meere deceite.

And therefore my ſweete Muſe
that knoweſt what helpe is beſt,
Doo now thy heauenly cunning vſe,
to ſet my hart at reſt.

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And in a dreame bewray
what fate ſhall be my friend:
Whether my life ſhall ſtill decay,
or when my ſorrow end.

FINIS. N. Breton.

¶ Harpalus *complaynt on* Phillidaes *loue beſtowed on* Corin, *who loued her not, and denyed him that loued her.*

PHillida was a faire mayde,
as freſh as any flower:
Whom Harpalus the Heards-man prayde
to be his Paramour.
Harpalus and eke Corin,
were Heard-men both yfere:
And Phillida could twiſt and ſpinne,
and thereto ſing full cleere.
But Phillida was all too coy,
for Harpalus to winne:
For Corin was her onely ioy,
who forc'd her not a pinne.
How often would ſhe flowers twine,
how often garlands make:
Of Cowſlips and of Cullumbine,
and all for Corins ſake?
But Corin he had Hawkes to lure,
and forced more the field:
Of Louers law he tooke no cure,
for once he was beguild.
Harpalus preuailed naught,
his labour all was loſt:
For he was furtheſt from her thought,
and yet he lou'd her moſt.

Therefore

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Therefore woxe he both pale and leane,
and drye as clod of clay:
His fleſh it was conſumed cleane,
his colour gone away.
His beard it had not long beene ſhaue,
his haire hung all vnkempt:
A man moſt fit euen for the graue,
whom ſpitefull Loue had ſpent.
His eyes were red and all fore-watcht,
his face beſprent with teares:
It ſeem'd vnhap had him long hatcht,
in midſt of his diſpaires.
His cloathes were blacke and alſo bare,
as one forlorne was hee:
Vpon his head he alwayes ware
a wreath of Willow-tree.
His beaſts he kept vpon the hill,
and he ſate in the Dale:
And thus with ſighs and ſorrowes ſhrill,
he gan to tell his tale.
Oh *Harpalus*, thus would he ſay,
vnhappieſt vnder Sunne:
The cauſe of thine vnhappy day,
by loue was firſt begun.
For thou went'ſt firſt by ſute to ſeeke,
a Tyger to make tame:
That ſets not by thy loue a Leeke,
but makes thy greefe a game.
As eaſie were it to conuert
the froſt into a flame:
As for to turne a froward hart
whom thou ſo faine wouldſt frame.
Corin, he liueth careleſſe,
he leapes among the leaues:
He eates the fruites of thy redreſſe,
thou reap'ſt, he takes the ſheaues.
My beaſts a-while your food refraine,
and harke your Heard-mans ſound:

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Whom ſpightfull Loue alas hath ſlaine,
through-girt with many a wound.
Oh happy be ye beaſts wild,
that heere your paſture takes:
I ſee that ye be not beguild,
of theſe your faithfull makes.
The Hart he feedeth by the Hind,
the Bucke hard by the Doe:
The Turtle-Doue is not vnkind
to him that loues her ſo.
The Ewe ſhe hath by her the Ram,
the young Cowe hath the Bull:
The Calfe with many a luſty Lamb,
doo feede their hunger full.
But well-away that Nature wrought,
thee *Phillida* ſo faire:
For I may ſay that I haue bought
thy beauty all too deare.
What reaſon is't that cruelty
with beauty ſhould haue part?
Or elſe that ſuch great tirannie,
ſhould dwell in vvomans hart?
I ſee therefore to ſhape my death,
ſhe cruelly is preſt:
To th'end that I may want my breath,
my dayes beene at the beſt.
Oh *Cupid* graunt this my requeſt,
and doo not ſtop thine eares:
That ſhe may feele within her breſt,
the paine of my deſpaires.
Of *Corin* that is careleſſe,
that ſhe may craue her fee:
As I haue done in great diſtreſſe,
that lou'd her faithfully.
But ſince that I ſhall die her ſlaue,
her ſlaue and eke her thrall:
Write you my friends vpon my graue,
this chaunce that is befall.

Heere

Heere lyeth vnhappy *Harpalus*,
by cruell Loue now ſlaine:
Whom *Phillida* vniuſtly thus,
hath murdred with diſdaine.

FINIS. *L. T. Howard, Earle of Surrie.*

¶ *Another of the ſame ſubiect, but made as it were in anſwere.*

ON a goodly Sommers day,
Harpalus and *Phillida*,
He a true harted Swaine,
Shee full of coy diſdaine,
droue their flocks to field:
He to ſee his Sheepheardeſſe,
She did dreame on nothing leſſe,
Then his continuall care,
Which to grim-fac'd Diſpaire,
wholely did him yield.
Corin ſhe affected ſtill,
All the more thy hart to kill.
Thy caſe dooth make me rue,
That thou ſhould'ſt loue ſo true,
and be thus diſdain'd:
While their flocks a feeding were,
They did meete together there.
Then with a curtſie lowe,
And ſighs that told his woe,
thus to her he plain'd.

Bide a while faire *Phillida*,
Liſt what *Harpalus* will ſay
Onely in loue to thee,
Though thou reſpect not mee,
yet vouchſafe an eare:

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To preuent enſuing ill,
Which no doubt betide thee will,
If thou doo not fore-ſee,
To ſhunne it preſentlie,
then thy harme I feare.
Firme thy loue is, well I wot,
To the man that loues thee not.
Louely and gentle mayde,
Thy hope is quite betrayde,
which my hart doth greeue:
Corin is vnkind to thee,
Though thou thinke contrarie.
His loue is growne as light,
As is his Faulcons flight,
this ſweet Nimph beleeue.

Mopſus daughter, that young mayde,
Her bright eyes his hart hath ſtrayde
From his affecting thee,
Now there is none but ſhee
that is *Corins* bliſſe:
Phillis men the Virgin call,
She is Buxome, faire and tall,
Yet not like *Phillida:*
If I my mind might ſay,
eyes oft deeme amiſſe.
He commends her beauty rare,
Which with thine may not compare.
He dooth extoll her eye,
Silly thing, if thine were by,
thus conceite can erre:
He is ratiſh'd with her breath,
Thine can quicken life in death.
He prayſeth all her parts,
Thine, winnes a world of harts,
more, if more there were.

Looke ſweet Nimph vpon thy flock,

They

They ſtand ſtill, and now feede not,
As if they ſhar'd with thee:
Greeſe for this iniurie,
offred to true loue.
Pretty Lambkins, how they moane,
And in bleating ſeeme to groane,
That any Sheepheards Swaine,
Should cauſe their Miſtres paine:
by affects remoue.
If you looke but on the graſſe,
It's not halfe ſo greene as 'twas:
When I began my tale,
But is as witherd pale,
all in meere remorce.
Marke the Trees that brag'd euen now,
Of each goodly greene-leau'd-bow,
They ſeeme as blaſted all,
Ready for Winters fall,
ſuch is true loues force.

The gentle murmur of the Springs,
Are become contrary things,
They haue forgot their pride,
And quite forſake their glide,
as if charm'd they ſtand.
And the flowers growing by,
Late ſo freſh in euery eye,
See how they hang the head,
As on a ſuddaine dead,
dropping on the ſand.
The birds that chaunted it yer-while,
Ere they hear'd of *Corins* guile,
Sit as they were afraide,
Or by ſome hap diſmaide,
for this wrong to thee:
Harke ſweet *Phil*, how *Philomell*,
That was wont to ſing ſo well,
Iargles now in yonder buſh,

Worſe

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Worſer then the rudeſt Truſh,
as it were not ſhee.

Philida, who all this while
Neither gaue a ſigh or ſmile:
Round about the field did gaze,
As her wits were in a maze,
poore deſpiſed mayd.
And retired at the laſt,
After ſtreames of teares were paſt.
Leaning on her Sheepheards hooke,
With a ſad and heauie looke,
thus poore ſoule ſhe ſayd.
Harpalus, I thanke not thee,
For this ſorry tale to mee.
Meete me heere againe to morrow,
Then I will conclude my ſorrow
mildly, if may be:
With their flocks they home doo fare,
Eythers hart too full of care,
If they doo meete againe.
Then what they furder ſayne,
you ſhall heare from me.

FINIS. *Shep. Tonie.*

¶ *The Nimphes meeting their May Queene, entertaine her with this Ditie.*

WIth fragrant flowers we ſtrew the way,
And make this our cheefe holy-day.
For though this clime were bleſt of yore:
Yet was it neuer proud before.
O beauteous Queene of ſecond Troy:
Accept of our vnfayned ioy.

Now

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Now th'Ayre is ſweeter then ſweet Balme,
And Satires daunce about the Palme,
Now earth with verdure newly dight,
Giues perfect ſignes of her delight.
O beauteous Queene, &c.

Now birds record new harmonie,
And trees doo whiſtle melodie,
Now euery thing that Nature breedes,
Dooth clad it ſelfe in pleaſant weedes.
O beauteous Queene, &c.

FINIS. *Tho. Watſon.*

¶ Colin Cloutes *mournfull Dittie for the death of* Aſtrophell.

SHeepheards that wunt on pipes of Oaten reede,
Oft-times to plaine your loues concealed ſmart;
And with your pitteous Laves haue learn'd to breede
Compaſſion in a Country-Laſſes hart:
Harken ye gentle Sheepheards to my ſong,
And place my dolefull plaint your plaints among.

To you alone I ſing this mournfull verſe,
The mournfulſt verſe that euer man heard tell:
To you whoſe ſoftned harts it may empierſe
With dolours dart for death of *Aſtrophell.*
To you I ſing, and to none other wight:
For well I wot, my rimes been rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nicer wit
Shall hap to heare, or couet them to reade:
Thinke he, that ſuch are for ſuch ones moſt fit,

G. Made

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Made not to please the liuing, but the dead.
And if in him found pitty euer place:
Let him be moou'd to pitty such a case.

FINIS. *Edm. Spencer.*

¶ Damœtas *sings in praise of his Loue.*

IOlly Sheepheard, Sheepheard on a hill
on a hill so merrily,
on a hill so cherily,
Feare not Sheepheard there to pipe thy fill,
Fill euery Dale, fill euery Plaine:
both sing and say; Loue feeles no paine.

Iolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard on a greene
on a greene so merrily,
on a greene so cherily,
Be thy voyce shrill, be thy mirth seene,
Heard to each Swaine, seene to each Trull:
both sing and say; Loues ioy is full.

Iolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard in the Sunne,
in the Sunne so merrily,
in the Sunne so cherily,
Sing forth thy songs, and let thy rimes runne
Downe to the Dales, to the hills aboue:
both sing and say; No life to loue.

Iolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard in the shade,
in the shade so merrily,
in the shade so cherily,
Ioy in thy life, life of Sheepheards trade,
Ioy in thy loue, loue full of glee:
both sing and say; Sweet Loue for me.

Iolly

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Iolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard heere or there,
heere or there ſo merrily,
heere or there ſo cherily,
Or in thy chat, eyther at thy cheere,
In euery ligge, in euery Lay:
both ſing and ſay; Loue laſts for aye.

Iolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard *Daphnis* Loue,
Daphnis loue ſo merrily,
Daphnis loue ſo cherily,
Let thy fancie neuer more remoue,
Fancie be fixt, fixt not to fleete,
ſtill ſing and ſay; Loues yoake is ſweete.

FINIS. *Iohn Wootton.*

¶ Montanus *praiſe of his faire* Phœbe.

PHœbe ſate,
Sweete ſhe ſate,
ſweete ſate *Phœbe* when I ſaw her,
White her brow
Coy her eye,
brow and eye, how much you pleaſe me?
Words I ſpent,
Sighs I ſent,
ſighs and words could neuer draw her,
Oh my Loue,
Thou art loſt,
ſince no ſight could euer eaſe thee.

Phœbe ſate
By a Fount,
ſitting by a Fount I ſpide her,
Sweete her touch,
Rare her voyce,
touch and voyce, what may diſtaine you?

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Whom ſpightfull Loue alas hath ſlaine,
through-girt with many a wound.
Oh happy be ye beaſts wild,
that heere your paſture takes:
I ſee that ye be not beguild,
of theſe your faithfull makes.
The Hart he feedeth by the Hind,
the Bucke hard by the Doe:
The Turtle-Doue is not vnkind
to him that loues her ſo.
The Ewe ſhe hath by her the Ram,
the young Cowe hath the Bull:
The Calfe with many a luſty Lamb,
doo feede their hunger full.
But well-away that Nature wrought,
thee *Phillida* ſo faire:
For I may ſay that I haue bought
thy beauty all too deare.
What reaſon is't that cruelty
with beauty ſhould haue part?
Or elſe that ſuch great tirannie,
ſhould dwell in vvomans hart?
I ſee therefore to ſhape my death,
ſhe cruelly is preſt:
To th'end that I may want my breath,
my dayes beene at the beſt.
Oh *Cupid* graunt this my requeſt,
and doo not ſtop thine eares:
That ſhe may feele within her breſt,
the paine of my deſpaires.
Of *Corin* that is careleſſe,
that ſhe may craue her fee:
As I haue done in great diſtreſſe,
that lou'd her faithfully.
But ſince that I ſhall die her ſlaue,
her ſlaue and eke her thrall:
Write you my friends vpon my graue,
this chaunce that is befall.

Heere

Heere lyeth vnhappy *Harpalus*,
by cruell Loue now ſlaine:
Whom *Phillida* vniuſtly thus,
hath murdred with diſdaine.

FINIS. *L. T. Hauard, Earle of Surrie.*

¶ *Another of the ſame ſubiect, but made as it were in anſwere.*

ON a goodly Sommers day,
Harpalus and *Phillida*,
He a true harted Swaine,
Shee full of coy diſdaine,
droue their flocks to field:
He to ſee his Sheepheardeſſe,
She did dreame on nothing leſſe,
Then his continuall care,
Which to grim-fac'd Diſpaire,
wholely did him yield.
Corin ſhe affected ſtill,
All the more thy hart to kill.
Thy caſe dooth make me rue,
That thou ſhould'ſt loue ſo true,
and be thus diſdain'd:
While their flocks a feeding were,
They did meete together there.
Then with a curtſie lowe,
And ſighs that told his woe,
thus to her he plain'd.

Bide a while faire *Phillida*,
Liſt what *Harpalus* will ſay
Onely in loue to thee,
Though thou reſpect not mee,
yet vouchſafe an eare:

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To preuent enſuing ill,
Which no doubt betide thee will,
If thou doo not fore-ſee,
To ſhunne it preſentlie,
then thy harme I feare.
Firme thy loue is, well I wot,
To the man that loues thee not.
Louely and gentle mayde,
Thy hope is quite betrayde,
which my hart doth greeue:
Corin is vnkind to thee,
Though thou thinke contrarie.
His loue is growne as light,
As is his Faulcons flight,
this ſweet Nimph beleeue.

Mopſus daughter, that young mayde,
Her bright eyes his hart hath ſtrayde
From his affecting thee,
Now there is none but ſhee
that is *Corins* bliſſe:
Phillis men the Virgin call,
She is Buxome, faire and tall,
Yet not like *Phillida*:
If I my mind might ſay,
eyes oft deeme amiſſe.
He commends her beauty rare,
Which with thine may not compare.
He dooth extoll her eye,
Silly thing, if thine were by,
thus conceite can erre:
He is rauiſh'd with her breath,
Thine can quicken life in death.
He prayſeth all her parts,
Thine, winnes a world of harts,
more, if more there were.

Looke ſweet Nimph vpon thy flock,

They

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They ſtand ſtill, and now feede not,
As if they ſhar'd with thee:
Greefe for this iniurie,
offred to true loue.
Pretty Lambkins, how they moane,
And in bleating ſeeme to groane,
That any Sheepheards Swaine,
Should cauſe their Miſtres paine:
by affects remoue.
If you looke but on the graſſe,
It's not halfe ſo greene as 'twas:
When I began my tale,
But is as witherd pale,
all in meere remorce.
Marke the Trees that brag'd euen now,
Of each goodly greene-leau'd-bow,
They ſeeme as blaſted all,
Ready for Winters fall,
ſuch is true loues force.

The gentle murmur of the Springs,
Are become contrary things,
They haue forgot their pride,
And quite forſake their glide,
as if charm'd they ſtand.
And the flowers growing by,
Late ſo freſh in euery eye,
See how they hang the head,
As on a ſuddaine dead,
dropping on the ſand.
The birds that chaunted it yer-while,
Ere they hear'd of *Corins* guile,
Sit as they were afraide,
Or by ſome hap diſmaide,
for this wrong to thee:
Harke ſweet *Phil*, how *Philomell*,
That was wont to ſing ſo well,
Iargles now in yonder buſh,

Worſer

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Worſer then the rudeſt Truſh,
as it were not ſhee.

Phillida, who all this while
Neither gaue a ſigh or ſmile:
Round about the field did gaze,
As her wits were in a maze,
poore deſpiſed mayd.
And reuiued at the laſt,
After ſtreames of teares were paſt.
Leaning on her Sheepheards hooke,
With a ſad and heauie looke,
thus poore ſoule ſhe ſayd.
Harpalus, I thanke not thee,
For this ſorry tale to mee.
Meete me heere againe to morrow,
Then I will conclude my ſorrow
mildly, if may be:
With their flocks they home doo fare,
Eythers hart too full of care,
If they doo meete againe,
Then what they furder ſayne,
you ſhall heare from me.

FINIS. *Shep. Tonie.*

¶ *The Nimphes meeting their May Queene, entertaine her with this Ditie.*

WIth fragrant flowers we ſtrew the way,
And make this our cheefe holy-day.
For though this clime were bleſt of yore:
Yet was it neuer proud before.
O beauteous Queene of ſecond Troy:
Accept of our vnfayned ioy.

Now

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Now th'Ayre is ſweeter then ſweet Balme,
And Satires daunce about the Palme,
Now earth with verdure newly dight,
Giues perfect ſignes of her delight.
O beauteous Queene,&c.

Now birds record new harmonie,
And trees doo whiſtle melodie,
Now euery thing that Nature breedes,
Dooth clad it ſelfe in pleaſant weedes.
O beauteous Queene, &c.

FINIS. *Tho. Watſon.*

¶ Colin Cloutes *mournfull Ditties for the death of* Aſtrophell.

SHeepheards that wunt on pipes of Oaten reede,
Oft-times to plaine your loues concealed ſmart;
And with your pitteous Layes haue learn'd to breede
Compaſſion in a Country-Laſſes hart:
Harken ye gentle Sheepheards to my ſong,
And place my doletull plaint your plaints among.

To you alone I ſing this mournfull verſe,
The mournfulſt verſe that euer man heard tell:
To you whoſe ſoftned harts it may empierſe
With dolours dart for death of *Aſtrophell.*
To you I ſing, and to none other wight:
For well I wot, my rimes been rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nicer wit
Shall hap to heare, or couet them to reade:
Thinke he, that ſuch are for ſuch ones moſt fit,

G. Made

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Made not to please the liuing, but the dead.
And if in him found pitty euer place:
Let him be moou'd to pitty such a case.

FINIS. *Edm. Spencer.*

¶ Damætas *sings in praise of his Loue.*

IOlly Sheepheard, Sheepheard on a hill
on a hill so merrily,
on a hill so cherily,
Feare not Sheepheard there to pipe thy fill,
Fill euery Dale, fill euery Plaine:
both sing and say; Loue feeles no paine.

Iolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard on a greene
on a greene so merrily,
on a greene so cherily,
Be thy voyce shrill, be thy mirth seene,
Heard to each Swaine, seene to each Trull:
both sing and say; Loues ioy is full.

Iolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard in the Sunne,
in the Sunne so merrily,
in the Sunne so cherily,
Sing forth thy songs, and let thy rimes runne
Downe to the Dales, to the hills aboue:
both sing and say; No life to loue.

Iolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard in the shade,
in the shade so merrily,
in the shade so cherily,
Ioy in thy life, life of Sheepheards trade,
Ioy in thy loue, loue full of glee:
both sing and say; Sweet Loue for me.

Iolly

Iolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard heere or there,
heere or there ſo merrily,
heere or there ſo cherily,
Or in thy chat, eyther at thy cheere,
In euery ligge, in euery Lay:
both ſing and ſay; Loue laſts for aye.

Iolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard *Daphnis* Loue,
Daphnis loue ſo merrily,
Daphnis loue ſo cherily,
Let thy fancie neuer more remoue,
Fancie be fixt, fixt not to fleete,
ſtill ſing and ſay; Loues yoake is ſweete.

FINIS. *Iohn Wootton.*

¶ Montanus *praiſe of his faire* Phœbe.

PHebe ſate,
Sweete ſhe ſate,
ſweete ſate *Phebe* when I ſaw her,
White her brow
Coy her eye,
brow and eye, how much you pleaſe me?
Words I ſpent,
Sighs I ſent,
ſighs and words could neuer draw her,
Oh my Loue,
Thou art loſt,
ſince no ſight could euer eaſe thee.

Phebe ſate
By a Fount,
ſitting by a Fount I ſpide her,
Sweete her touch,
Rare her voyce,
touch and voyce, what may diſtaine you?

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As she sung,
I did sigh,
And by sighs whilst that I tride her,
Oh mine eyes
You did loose,
her first sight whose want did paine you.
Phebes flocks
White as wooll,
yet were *Phebes* lookes more whiter,
Phebes eyes
Doue-like mild,
Doue-like eyes both mild and cruell,
Montane sweares
In your Lamps,
he will die for to delight her,
Phebe yeeld
Or I die,
shall true hearts be fancies fuell?

FINIS. *Thom. Lodge.*

¶ *The complaint of* Thestylis *the forsaken Shepheard.*

THestylis *a silly Swaine, when Loue did him forsake,*
In mournfull wise amid the woods, thus gan his plaint to make.
Ah wofull man (quoth he) false is thy lot to moue,
And pine away with careful thoughts, vnto thy Loue vnknowne.
Thy Nimph forsakes thee quite, whom thou didst honour so:
That aye to her thou wert a friend, but to thy selfe a foe.
Ye Louers that haue lost your hearts-desired choyce:
Lament with me my cruell hap, and helpe my trembling voyce.
Was neuer man that floode so great in Fortunes grace,
Nor with his sweate (alas too deere) possest so high a place:
As I whose simple heart, aye thought himselfe still sure,
But now I see high springing tides, they may not aye endure.

Shee

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Shee knowes my guiltlesse hart, and yet she lets it pine:
Of her vntrue professed loue, so feeble is the twine.
What wonder is it then, if I berent my haires?
And crauing death continually; doe bathe my selfe in teares?
When Cræsus *King of* Lide, *was cast in cruell bands,*
And yeelded goods and life into his enemies hands:
What tongue could tell his woe? yet was his griefe much lesse
Then mine, for I haue lost my Loue, which might my woe redresse.
Ye woods that shroud my limbs, giue now your hollow sound:
That ye may helpe me to bewaile, the eares that me confound.
Ye Riuers rest a while, and stay your streames that runne:
Rue Thestilis. *the wofulst man that rests vnder the Sunne.*
Transport my sighs ye winds, vnto my pleasant foe:
My trickling teares shall witnes beare, of this my cruell woe.
Oh happy man were?, if all the Gods agreed:
That now the Sisters three should cut in twaine my fatall threed.
Till life with loue shall end, I heere resigne all ioy,
Thy pleasant sweete I now lament, whose lacke breeds mine annoy.
Farewell my deere therefore, farewell to me well knowne,
If that I die, it shall be sayd: that thou hast slaine thine owne.

FINIS. *L. T. Howard, E. of Surrie.*

¶ *To* Phillis *the faire Sheepheardesse.*

MY *Phillis* hath the morning Sunne,
at first to looke vpon her:
And *Phillis* hath morne-waking birds,
her risings still to honour.
My *Phillis* hath prime-featherd flowres,
that smile when she treads on them:
And *Phillis* hath a gallant flocke,
that leapes since she dooth owne them.
But *Phillis* hath too hard a hart,
alas that she should haue it:

It yeelds no mercie to deſert,
nor grace to thoſe that craue it.
Sweete Sunne, when thou look'ſt on,
pray her regard my moane.
Sweete birds, when you ſing to her,
to yeeld ſome pitty, woo her,
Sweet flowers that ſhe treads on,
tell her, her beauty deads one.
And if in life her loue ſhe nill agree me:
Pray her before I die, ſhe will come ſee me.

FINIS. S. E. D.

¶ *The Sheepheard* Dorons *Eggs.*

THrough the ſhrubs as I can crack,
for my Lambs pretty ones,
mongſt many little ones,
Nimphs I meane, whoſe haire was black
As the Crow.
Like as the Snow
Her face and browes ſhin'd I weene,
I ſaw a little one,
a bonny pretty one,
As bright, buxome, and as ſheene:
As was ſhee
On her knee
That lull'd the God, whoſe atrowes warmes
ſuch merry little ones,
ſuch faire-fac'd pretty ones,
As daily in Loues chiefeſt harmes.
Such was mine,
Whoſe gray eyne
Made me loue: I gan to wooe
this ſweete little one,
this bonny pretty one.

I I wooed

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I wooed hard a day or two,
Till ſhe bad,
Be not ſad,
Wooe no more, I am thine owne,
thy deareſt little one,
thy trueſt pretty one.
Thus was faith and firme loue ſhowne,
As behooues
Sheepheards Loues.

FINIS. *Ro. Greene.*

¶ Aſtrophell *his Song of* Phillida *and* Coridon.

FAire in a morne, (ô faireſt morne)
was neuer morne ſo faire:
There ſhone a Sunne, though not the Sunne,
that ſhineth in the ayre.
For the earth, and from the earth,
(was neuer ſuch a creature:)
Did come this face, (was neuer face,)
that carried ſuch a feature.
Vpon a hill, (ô bleſſed hill,
was neuer hill ſo bleſſed)
There ſtoode a man, (was neuer man
for woman ſo diſtreſſed.)
This man beheld a heauenly view,
which did ſuch vertue giue:
As cleares the blind, and helps the lame,
and makes the dead man liue.
This man had hap, (ô happy man
more happy none then hee;)
For he had hap to ſee the hap,
that none had hap to ſee.
This ſilly Swaine, (and ſilly Swaines
are men of meaneſt grace:)

Had

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Had yet the grace, (ô gracious gueſt)
to hap on ſuch a face.
He pitty cryed, and pitty came,
and pitied ſo his paine:
As dying, would not let him die,
but gaue him life againe.
For ioy whereof he made ſuch mirth,
as all the vvoods did ring:
And *Pan* with all his Swaines came forth,
to heare the Sheepheard ſing.
But ſuch a Song ſung neuer was,
nor ſhall be ſung againe:
Of *Phillida* the Sheepheards Queene,
and *Coridon* the Swaine.
Faire *Phillis* is the Sheepheards Queene,
(was neuer ſuch a Queene as ſhe,)
And *Coridon* her onely Swaine,
(was neuer ſuch a Swaine as he.)
Faire *Phillis* hath the faireſt face,
that euer eye did yet behold:
And *Coridon* the conſtants faith,
that euer yet kept flocke in fold.
Sweete *Phillis* is the ſweeteſt ſweete,
that euer yet the earth did yeeld:
And *Coridon* the kindeſt Swaine,
that euer yet kept Lambs in field.
Sweete *Philomell* is *Phillis* bird,
though *Coridon* be he that caught her:
And *Coridon* dooth heare her ſing,
though *Phillida* be ſhe that taught her.
Poore *Coridon* dooth keepe the fields,
though *Phillida* be ſhe that owes them:
And *Phillida* dooth walke the Meades,
though *Coridon* be he that mowes them.
The little Lambs are *Phillis* loue,
though *Coridon* is he that feedes them:
The Gardens faire are *Phillis* ground,
though *Coridon* be he that weedes them.

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Since then that *Phillis* onely is,
the onely Sheepheards onely Queene:
And *Coridon* the onely Swaine,
that onely hath her Sheepheard beene.
Though *Phillis* keepe her bower of ſtate,
ſhall *Coridon* conſume away:
No Sheepheard no, worke out the weeke,
and Sunday ſhall be holy-day.

FINIS. *N. Breton.*

¶ *The paſſionate Sheepheards Song.*

ON a day, (alack the day,)
Loue whoſe moneth was euer May:
Spied a bloſſome paſſing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre.
Through the veluet leaues the wind,
All vnſeene gan paſſage find:
That the Sheepheard (ſicke to death,)
Wiſh'd himſelfe the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blow,
Ayre, would I might triumph ſo.
But alas, my hand hath ſworne,
Nere to pluck thee from thy thorne.
Vow (alack) for youth vnmeete,
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweete.
Thou for whom *Ioue* would ſweare,
Iuno but an Æthiope were,
And deny him ſelfe for *Ioue*,
Turning mortall for my Loue.

FINIS. *W. Shakeſpeare.*

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¶ The vnknowne Sheepheards complaint.

MY Flocks feede not, my Ewes breede not,
My Rammes ſpeede not, all is amiſſe:
Loue is denying, Faith is defying,
Harts renying, cauſer of this.
All my merry layes are quite forgot,
All my Ladies loue is loſt God wot.
Where her faith was firmely fixt in loue,
There a nay is plac'd without remoue.
One ſilly croſſe, wrought all my loſſe,
O frowning Fortune, curſed fickle Dame!
For now I ſee, inconſtancie
More in women then in men remaine.

In black mourne I, all feares ſcorne I,
Loue hath forlorne me, liuing in thrall:
Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing,
O cruell ſpeeding, fraught with gall.
My Sheepheards pipe can ſound no deale,
My Weathers bell rings dolefull knell,
My curtaile dogge that wont to haue plaide,
Playes not at all, but ſeemes afraide.
With ſighs ſo deepe, procures to weepe,
In bowling-wiſe, to ſee my deſolate plight:
How ſighs reſound, through hanſelesse ground,
Like a thouſand vanquiſh'd men in bloody fight.

Cleare Wells ſpring not, ſweet birds ſing not,
Greene plants bring not foorth their die:
Heards ſtand weeping, Flocks all ſleeping,
Nimphs back peeping fearefully.
All our pleaſure, knowne to vs poore Swaines,
All our merry meeting on the Plaines,
All our euening ſports from vs are fled,
All our loue is loſt, for Loue is dead.

Farewell

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Farewell ſweete Loue, thy like nere was,
For ſweete content, the cauſe of all my moane:
Poore *Cordon* muſt liue alone,
Other helpe for him, I ſee that there is none.

FINIS. *Ignoto.*

¶ Another of the ſame Shepheards.

AS it fell vpon a day,
In the merry moneth of May,
Sitting in a pleaſant ſhade,
Which a groue of Mirtles made.
Beaſts did leape, and birds did ſing,
Trees did grow, and plants did ſpring,
Euery thing did baniſh moane,
Saue the Nightingale alone.
Shee poore bird, as all forlorne,
Lean'd her breaſt againſt a thorne,
And there ſung the dolefull'ſt Ditty,
That to heare it was great pitty.
Fie, fie, fie, now would ſhe crie
Tereu, Tereu, by and by.
That ſo heare her ſo complaine,
Scarſe I could from teares refraine.
For her greefes ſo liuely ſhowne,
Made me thinke vpon mine owne.
Ah (thought I) thou mourn'ſt in vaine,
None takes pitty on thy paine.
Senceleſſe trees, they cannot heare thee,
Ruthleſſe beaſts, they will not cheere thee.
King *Pandion* he is dead,
All thy friends are lapt in Lead.
All thy fellow birds doo ſing,
Careleſſe of thy ſorrowing.

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Euen ſo poore bird like thee,
None a-liue will pitty mee.

FINIS. *Ignoto.*

¶ *The Sheepheards allusion of his owne amorous infelicitie, to the offence of* Actæon.

ACteon loſt in middle of his ſport
Both ſhape and life, for looking but awry:
Diana was afraide he would report
What ſecrets he had ſeene in paſſing by.
To tell but truth, the ſelfe ſame hurt haue I:
By viewing her for whom I daily die.
I leeſe my wonted ſhape, in that my mind
Dooth ſuffer wrack vpon the ſtonie rock
Of her diſdaine, who contrarie to-kind
Dooth beare a breaſt more hard then any ſtock;
And former forme of limbs is changed quite:
By cares in loue, and want of due delight.
I leeſe my life, in that each ſecret thought,
Which I conceaue through wanton fond regard:
Dooth make me ſay, that life auayleth nought,
Where ſeruice cannot haue a due reward.
I dare not name the Nimph that works my ſmart,
Though Loue hath grau'n her name within my hart.

FINIS. *Tho. Watſon.*

¶ Montanus *Sonnet to his faire* Phœbe.

A Turtle ſate vpon a leaueleſſe tree,
Mourning her abſent pheare,
With ſad and ſorrie cheare.
About her wondring ſtood,
The Cittizens of vvood.

And

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And whilſt her plumes ſhe rents,
And for her Loue laments:
The ſtately trees complaine them,
The birds with ſorrow paine them.
Each one that dooth her view,
Her paines and ſorrowes rue.
But were the ſorrowes knowne,
That me hath ouer-throwne:
Oh how would *Phebe* ſigh, if ſhe did looke on mee?

The loue-ſicke *Polipheme* that could not ſee,
Who on the barren ſhoare,
His fortunes did deplore:
And melteth all in mone,
For *Galatea* gone,
And with his cries
Afflicts both earth and skies,
And to his woe betooke,
Dooth breake both pipe and hooke.
For whom complaines the morne,
For whom the Sea-Nimphs mourne.
Alas his paine is nought,
For were my woe but thought:
Oh how would *Phebe* ſigh, if ſhe did looke on me?

Beyond compare my paine,
yet glad am I:
If gentle *Phebe* daine,
to ſee her *Montan* die.

FINIS. *Thom. Lodge.*

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¶ Phœbes *Sonnet, a replie to Montanus paſſion.*

DOwne a downe,
Thus *Phillis* ſung,
By fancie once diſtreſſed:
Who ſo by fooliſh Loue are ſtung
are worthily oppreſſed.
And ſo ſing I, with downe a downe, &c.

VVhen Loue was firſt begot,
And by the mothers will:
Did fall to humane lot,
His ſolace to fulfill.
Deuoide of all deceite,
A chaſt and holy fire:
Did quicken mans conceite,
And vvomens breaſts inſpire.
The Gods that ſaw the good,
That mortalls did approoue:
With kind and holy moode,
Began to talke of Loue.
Downe a downe,
Thus *Phillis* ſung
By fancie once diſtreſſed, &c.

But during this accord,
A wonder ſtrange to heare:
Whilſt Loue in deede and word,
Moſt faithfull did appeare;
Falſe ſemblance came in place,
By Iealouſie attended:
And with a double face,
Both loue and fancie blended.
Which made the Gods forſake,
And men from fancie flie:
And Maydens ſcorne a make,
Foſooth and ſo will I.

Downe

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Downe a downe,
Thus *Phillis* ſung,
By fancie once diſtreſſed:
Who ſo by fooliſh Loue are ſtung,
Are worthily oppreſſed.
And ſo ſing I, with downe a downe, &c.

FINIS. *Thom. Lodge.*

¶ Coridons *ſupplication to* Phillis.

SWeete *Phillis*, if a ſilly Swaine,
may ſue to thee for grace:
See not thy louing Sheepheard ſlaine,
with looking on thy face.
But thinke what power thou haſt got,
vpon my Flock and mee:
Thou ſeeſt they now regard me not,
but all doo follow thee.
And if I haue ſo farre preſum'd,
with prying in thine eyes:
Yet let not comfort be conſum'd,
that in thy pitty lyes.
But as thou art that *Phillis* faire,
that Fortune fauour giues:
So let not Loue dye in deſpaire,
that in thy fauour liues.
The Deere doo brouſe vpon the bryer,
the birds doo pick the cherries:
And will not Beauty graunt Deſire,
one handfull of her berries?
If it be ſo that thou haſt ſworne,
that none ſhall looke on thee:
Yet let me know thou dooſt not ſcorne,
to caſt a looke on mee.

But

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But if thy beauty make thee proude,
thinke then what is ordain'd:
The heauens haue neuer yet alow'd,
that Loue should be disdain'd.
Then least the Fates that fauour Loue,
should curse thee for vnkind:
Let me report for thy behooue,
the honour of thy mind.
Let *Coridon* with full consent,
set downe what he hath seene:
That *Phillida* with Loues content,
is sworne the Sheepheards Queene.

FINIS. *N. Breton.*

¶ Damœtas *Madrigall in praise of his* Daphnis.

TVne on my pipe the praises of my Loue,
Loue faire and bright:
Fill earth with sound, and ayrie heauens aboue,
heauen's *Ioues* delight,
with *Daphnis* praise.

To pleasant *Tempe* Groues and Plaines about,
Plaines, Sheepheards pride:
Resounding Ecchoes of her praise ring out,
ring faire and wide
my *Daphnis* praise.

When I begin to sing, begin to sound,
sounds loud and shrill:
Doo make each note vnto the skies rebound,
skies calme and still,
with *Daphnis* praise.

Her tresses are like wiers of beaten gold,
Gold bright and sheene:

Like

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Like *Nyſus* golden haire that *Scilla* pold,
Scill, ore-ſeene
through *Minos* loue.

Her eyes like ſhining Lamps in midſt of night,
Night darke and dead:
Or as the Starres that giue the Sea-men light,
Light for to leade
their wandring Ships.

Amidſt her cheekes the Roſe and Lilly ſtriue,
Lilly, ſnow-white:
When their contend dooth make their colour thriue.
Colour too bright
for Sheepheards eyes.

Her lips like Scarlet of the fineſt die,
Scarlet blood-red:
Teeth white as Snow, which on the hills dooth lie,
Hills ouer-ſpread
by Winters force.

Her skinne as ſoft as is the fineſt ſilke,
Silke ſoft and fine:
Of colour like vnto the whiteſt milke,
Milke of the Kine
of *Daphnis* Heard.

As ſwift of foote as is the pretty Roe,
Roe ſwift of pace:
When yelping Hounds purſue her to and fro,
Hounds fierce in chaſe,
to reaue her life.

Ceaſe tongue to tell of any more compares,
Compares too rude:

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Daphnis deserts and beauty are too rare,
Then heere conclude
faire *Daphnis* gentle.

FINIS. *I. Wootton.*

¶ Dorons *description of his faire Shepheardesse* Samela.

LIke to *Diana* in her Summer weede,
Girt with a Crimson roabe of brightest die:
goes faire *Samela.*
Whiter then be the flocks that straggling feed,
When wash'd by *Arethusa*, faint they lie,
is faire *Samela.*
As faire *Aurora* in her morning gray,
Deckt with the ruddy glister of her love:
is faire *Samela,*
Like lovely *Thetis* on a calmed day,
When as her brightnes *Neptune* fancies moves,
shines faire *Samela.*
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassie streames,
Her teeth are pearle, the brests are Ivorie:
of faire *Samela,*
Her cheekes like Rose and Lilly yeeld foorth gleames,
Her browes bright arches fram'd of Ebonie,
thus faire *Samela*
Passeth faire *Venus* in her brightest hew,
And *Juno* in the shew of Maiestie:
for she's *Samela.*
Pallas in wit, all three if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchlesse dignitie,
yeeld to *Samela.*

FINIS. *Ro. Greene.*

¶ Wodenfides

Like *Nyſus* golden haire that *Scilla* pold,
Scill, ore-ſeene
through *Minos* loue.

Her eyes like ſhining Lamps in midſt of night,
Night darke and dead:
Or as the Starres that giue the Sea-men light,
Light for to leade
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Lilly, ſnow-white:
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Milke of the Kine
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Then heere conclude
faire *Daphnis* gentle.

FINIS. *I. Wootton.*

¶ Dorons *description of his faire Sheepheardesse* Samela.

LIke to *Diana* in her Sommer weede,
Girt with a Crimson roabe of brightest die:
goes faire *Samela.*
Whiter then be the flocks that straggling feed,
When wash'd by *Arethusa*, faint they lie,
is faire *Samela.*
As faire *Aurora* in her morning gray,
Deckt with the ruddy glister of her love:
is faire *Samela.*
Like lovely *Thetis* on a calmed day,
When as her brightnes *Neptunes* fancies move,
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Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassie streames,
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Passeth faire *Venus* in her brightest hew,
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Pallas in wit, all three if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchlesse dignitie,
yeeld to *Samela.*

FINIS. *Ro. Greene.*

¶ Wodenfides

¶ Wodenfrides *Song in praiſe of* Amargana.

THe Sunne the ſeaſon in each thing
Reuiues new pleaſures, the ſweet Spring
Hath put to flight the Winter keene:
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The pathes where *Amargana* treads,
With flowrie tap'ſtries *Flora* ſpreads.
And Nature cloathes the ground in greene:
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The Groaues put on their rich aray,
With Hawthorne bloomes imbroydered gay,
And ſweet perfum'd with Eglantine:
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The ſilent Riuer ſtayes his courſe,
Whilſt playing on the chriſtall ſourſe,
The ſiluer ſcaled fiſh are ſeene,
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The Woods at her faire ſight reioyces,
The little birds with their lowd voyces,
In conſort on the bryers beene,
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The fleecie Flocks doo ſcud and skip,
The wood-Nimphs, Fawnes, and Satires trip,
And daunce the Mirtle trees betweene:
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

Great *Pan* 'our God, for her deere ſake,
This feaſt and meeting bids vs make,
Of Sheepheards, Lads, and Laſſes ſheene:
To glad our louely Sheepheards Queene.

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And euery Swaine his chaunce dooth proue,
To winne faire *Amarantes* loue,
In ſporting ſtrifes quite voide of ſpleene:
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

All happines let Heauen her lend,
And all the Graces her attend.
Thus bid me pray the Muſes nine,
Long liue our louely Sommer Queene. *FINIS.* *W. H.*

¶ Another of the ſame.

HAppy Sheepheards ſit and ſee,
with ioy,
The peereleſſe wight:
For whoſe ſake *Pan* keepes from ye
annoy,
And giues delight.
Bleſſing this pleaſant Spring,
Her praiſes muſt I ſing.
Liſt you Swaines, liſt to me:
The whiles your Flocks feeding be.

Firſt her brow a beauteous Globe,
I deeme,
And golden haire;
And her cheeke *Aurora's* roabe,
dooth ſeeme,
But farre more faire.
Her eyes like ſtarres are bright.
And dazle with their light,
Rubies her lips to ſee,
But to taſt, Nectar they be.

Orient pearles her teeth, her ſmile
dooth lyke
the Graces three:
Her white necke dooth eyes beguile
to thinke
it Ivorie.

Alas

Alas her Lilly-hand,
How it dooth me commaund?
Softer ſilke none can be:
And whiter milke none can ſee.

Ceres wand is not ſo ſtraite,
as is
Her body ſmall:
But two pillers beare the waight
of this
maieſtick Hall.
Thoſe be I you aſſure,
Of Alablaſter pure,
Poliſh'd fine in each part:
Ne're Nature yet ſhewed like Art.

How ſhall I her pretty tread
expreſſe
when ſhe dooth walke?
Scarſe ſhe dooth the Primerofe head
depreſſe,
or tender ſtalke
Of blew-veind Violets,
Whereon her foote ſhe ſets.
Vertuous ſhe is, for we finde
In body faire, beauteous minde.

Line faire *Amargans* ſtill
extold
In all my riime:
Hand want Art, when I want will
t'vnfold
her worth diuine.
But now my Muſe dooth reſt,
Diſpaire clos'd in my breſt,
Of the valour I ſing:
Weake faith that no hope dooth bring.

FINIS. *W. H.*

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An excellent Pastoral Dittie.

A Carefull Nimph, with carelesse greefe opprest,
vnder the shaddow of an Ashen tree:
With Lute in hand did paint out her vnrest,
vnto a Nimph that bare her companie.
No sooner had she tuned euery string:
But sob'd and sigh'd, and thus began to sing.

Ladies and Nimphs, come listen to my plaint,
on whom the cheerefull Sunne did neuer rise:
If pitties stroakes your tender breasts may taint,
come learne of me to wet your wanton eyes.
For Loue in vaine the name of pleasure beares:
His sweet delights are turned into feares.

The trustlesse shewes, the frights, the feeble ioyes,
the freezing doubts, the guilefull promises:
The feigned lookes, the shifts, the subtill toyes,
the brittle hope, the stedfast heauines.
The wished warre in such vncertaine peace:
These with my woe, my woes with these increase.

Thou dreadfull God, that in thy Mothers lap,
doo'st lye and heare the crie of my complaint,
And seest, and smilest at my sore mishap,
that lacke but skill my sorrowes heere to paint:
Thy fire from heauen before the hurt I spide,
Quite through mine eyes into my brest did glide.

My life was light, my blood did spirt and spring,
my body quicke, my hart began to leape:
And euery thornie thought did prick and sting,
the fruite of my desired ioyes to reape.
But he on whom to thinke, my soule still tyers:
In Eile forsooke, and left me in the bryers.

Thus

Thus Fancie ſtrung my Lute to Layes of Loue,
and Loue hath rock'd my wearie Muſe a-ſleepe:
And ſleepe is broken by the paines I proue,
and euery paine I feele dooth force me weepe.
Then farewell fancie, loue, ſleepe, paine, and ſore:
And farewell weeping, I can waile no more.

FINIS. *Shep. Tonie.*

¶ Phillidaes *Loue-call to her* Coridon, *and his replying.*

Phil. *Coridon*, ariſe my *Coridon*,
Titan ſhineth cleare:
Cor. Who is it that calleth *Coridon*,
who is it that I heare?
Phil. *Phillida* thy true-Loue calleth thee,
ariſe then, ariſe then;
ariſe and keepe thy flock with me:
Cor. *Phillida* my true-Loue, is it ſhe?
I come then, I come then,
I come and keepe my flock with thee.

Phil. Heere are cherries ripe my *Coridon*,
eate them for my ſake:
Cor. Heere's my Oaten pipe my louely one,
ſport for thee to make.
Phil. Heere are threeds my true-Loue, fine as ſilke,
to knit thee, to knit thee
a paire of ſtockings white as milke.
Cor. Heere are Reedes my true-Loue, fine and neate,
to make thee, to make thee
a Bonnet to with-ſtand the heate.

Phil. I will gather flowers my *Coridon*,
to ſet in thy cap:

Cor.

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Cor. I will gather Peares my lonely one,
to put in thy lap:
Phil. I will buy my true-Loue Garters gay,
for Sundayes, for Sundayes,
to weare about his legs so tall:
Cor. I will buy my true-Loue yellow Say,
for Sundayes, for Sundayes,
to weare about her middle small.

Phil. When my *Coridon* sits on a hill,
making melodie:
Cor. When my lonely one goes to her wheele
singing cherilie.
Phil. Sure me thinks my true-Loue dooth excell
for sweetnes, for sweetnes,
our *Pan* that old Arcadian Knight:
Cor. And me thinks my true-Loue beares the bell
for clearenes, for clearenes,
beyond the Nimphs that be so bright.

Phil. Had my *Coridon*, my *Coridon*,
beene (alack) my Swaine:
Cor. Had my lonely one, my lonely one,
beene in sight plaine.
Phil. *Cinthia Endimion* had refus'd,
preferring, preferring
my *Coridon* to play with-all:
Cor. The Queene of Loue had beene excus'd,
bequeathing, bequeathing,
my *Phillida* the golden ball.

Phil. Yonder comes my Mother, *Coridon*,
whether shall I flie?
Cor. Vnder yonder Beech my lonely one,
while she passeth by.
Say to her thy true-Loue was not heere,
remember, remember,
to morrow is another day:

Phil.

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Phil. Doubt me not, my true-Loue, doo not feare,
farewell then, farewell then,
heauen keepe our loues alway.

FINIS. *Ignoto.*

¶ *The Sheepheards ſolace.*

PHebus delights to view his Laurell tree,
The Poplar pleaſeth *Hercules* alone:
Meliſſa mother is and fautrice to the Bee,
Pallas will weare the Olive branch alone.
Of Sheepheards and their flocks *Pales* is Queene:
And *Ceres* ripes the Corne was lately greene.
To *Chloris* euery flower belongs of right,
The *Dryade* Nimphs of woods make chiefe account:
Oreades in hills haue their delight,
Diana dooth protect each bubling Fount.
To *Hebe* louely kiſſing is aſſign'd:
To *Zephire* euery gentle-breathing wind.
But what is Loues delight? To hurt each where
He cares not whom, with Darts of deepe deſire:
With watchfull iealouſie, with hope, with feare,
With nipping cold, and ſecret flames of fire.
O happy houre, wherein I did forgoe:
This little God, ſo great a cauſe of woe.

FINIS. *Tho. Waſon.*

¶ Syrenus *Song to* Eugenius.

LEt now the goodly Spring-tide make vs merrie,
And fields, which pleaſant flowers doo adorne:
And Vales, Meades, Woods, with lively colours flouriſh,
Let plenteous flocks the Sheepheards riches nouriſh,

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Let hungry Woolues by dogges to death be tome,
And Lambes reioyce, with paſſed Winter wearie.
Let euery Rauens Ferrie
In waters flow, and ſiluer ſtreames abounding,
And fortune, ceaſeleſſe wounding.
Turne now thy face, ſo cruell and vnſtable,
Be firme and fauourable.
And thou that kill'ſt our ſoules with thy pretences:
Moleſt not (wicked Loue) my inward ſences.

Let Country plainenes liue in ioyes not ended,
In quiet of the deſert Meades and mountaines,
And in the pleaſure of a Country dwelling
Let Sheepheards reſt, that haue diſtilled fountaines
Of teares: preoccupe not thy wrath, all paines excelling,
Vpon poore ſoules, that neuer haue offended.
Let thy flames be incended
In haughtie Courts, in thoſe that ſwim in treaſure,
And liue in eaſe and pleaſure.
And that a ſweeteſt ſcorne (my wonted ſadnes)
A perfect reſt and gladnes
And hills and Dales, may giue me: with offences
Moleſt not (wicked Loue) my inward ſences.

In what law find'ſt thou, that the freeſt reaſon
And wit, vnto thy chaines ſhould be ſubiected,
And harmeleſſe ſoules vnto thy cruell murder?
O wicked Loue, the wretch that flieth farder
From thy extreames, thou plagu'ſt. O falſe, ſuſpected,
And careleſſe boy, that thus thy ſweets dooſt ſeaſon,
O vile and wicked treaſon.
Might not thy might ſuffiſe thee, but thy fuell
Of force muſt be ſo cruell?
To be a Lord, yet like a Tyrant minded,
Vaine boy with errour blinded.
Why dooſt thou hunt his life with thy offences:
That yeelds to thee his ſoule and inward ſences?

He

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He erres (alas) and foulely is deceaued
That calls thee God, being a burning fire:
A furious flame, a playning greefe and clamorous,
And *Venus* ſonne (that in the earth was amorous,
Gentle, and mild. and full of ſweet deſire)
Who calleth him, is of his wits bereaued.
And yet that ſhe conceaued
By proofe, ſo vile a ſonne and ſo vnruly:
I ſay (and yet ſay truly)
That in the cauſe of harmes, that they haue framed,
Both iuſtly may be blamed:
She that did breede him with ſuch vile pretences,
He that dooth hurt ſo much our inward ſences.

The gentle Sheepe and Lambs are euer flying
The rauenous Woolues and beaſts, that are pretending
To glut their mawes with fleſh they teare aſunder.
The milke-white Doues at noyſe of fearefull thunder
Flie home a-maine, themſelues from harme defending.
The little Chick, when Puttocks are a crying,
The Woods and Meadowes dying
For raine of heauen (if that they cannot haue it)
Doo neuer ceaſe to craue it.
So euery thing his contrary reſiſteth,
Onely thy thrall perſiſteth
In ſuffering of thy wrongs without offences:
And lets thee ſpoile his hart and inward ſences.

A publique paſſion, Natures lawes reſtrayning,
And which with words can neuer be declared,
A ſoule twixt loue, and feare, and deſperation,
And endleſſe plaint, that ſhuns all conſolation,
A ſpendleſſe flame, that neuer is impaired,
A friendleſſe death, yet life in death maintayning,
A paſſion, that is gayning
On him that loueth well, and is abſented,
Whereby it is augmented.
A iealouſie, a burning greefe and ſorrow,

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These fauours Louers borrow
Of thee fell Loue, these be thy recompences:
Consuming still their soule and inward sences.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

The Sheepheard Arsileus *replie to* Syrenus *Song.*

O Let that time a thousand moneths endure,
Which brings from heauen the sweet and siluer showers,
And ioyes the earth (of comfort late depriued)
With grasse and leaues, fine buds, and painted flowers.
Ecchoe, returne vnto the vvoods obscure.
Ring foorth the Sheepheards Songs in loue contriued.
Let old loues be reuiued,
Which angry Winter buried but of late,
And that in such a state
My soule may haue the full accomplishment
Of ioy and sweet content.
And since fierce paines and greefes thou doost controule:
Good Loue, doo not forsake my inward soule.

Presume not (Sheepheards) once to make you merrie,
With springs, and flowers, or any pleasant Song,
(Vnlesse mild Loue possesse your amorous breasts)
If you sing not to him, your Songs doo wearie,
Crowne him with flowers, or else ye doo him wrong,
And consecrate your Springs to his behests.
I to my Sheepheardesse
My happy loues with great content doo sing,
And flowers to her doo bring.
And sitting neere her by the Riuer side,
Enioy the braue Spring-tide.
Since then thy ioyes such sweetnes dooth enroule:
Good Loue, doo not forsake my inward soule.

T

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The wiſe (in auncient time) a God thee nam'd,
Seeing that with thy power and ſupreame might,
Thou didſt ſuch rare and mighty wonders make:
For thee a hart is frozen and enflam'd,
A foole thou mak'ſt a wiſe man with thy light,
The coward turnes couragious for thy ſake.
The mighty Gods did quake
At thy commaund: To birds and beaſts transformed,
Great Monarches haue not ſcorned
To yeeld vnto the force of beauties lure:
Such ſpoiles thou dooſt procure
With thy braue force, which neuer may be tould:
With which (ſweet Loue) thou conquer'ſt euery ſoule.

In other times obſcurely I did liue
But with a drowſie, baſe, and ſimple kinde
Of life, and onely to my profit bend me:
To thinke of Loue my ſelfe I did not giue,
Or for good grace, good parts, and gentle minde,
Neuer did any Sheepheardeſſe commend me.
But crowned now they ſend me
A thouſand Garlands, that I wone with praiſe,
In wraſtling dayes by dayes,
In pitching of the barre with arme moſt ſtrong,
And ſinging many a Song.
After that thou didſt honour, and take hould
Of my (ſweet Loue) and of my happy ſoule.

What greater ioy can any man deſire,
Then to remaine a Captiue vnto Loue:
And haue his hart ſubiected to his power?
And though ſometimes he taſt a little ſower
By ſuffering it, as mild as gentle Doue
Yet muſt he be, in liew of that great hire
Whereto he dooth aſpire:
If Louers liue afflicted and in paine,
Let them with cauſe complaine
Of cruell fortune, and of times abuſe,

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And let not them accuſe
Thee(gentle-Loue) that dooth with bliſſe enfould
Within thy ſweeteſt ioyes each liuing ſoule.

Behold a faire ſweete face, and ſhining eyes,
Reſembling two moſt bright and twinkling ſtarres,
Sending vnto the ſoule a perfect light:
Behold the rare perfections of thoſe white
And Iuorie hands, from greefes moſt ſureſt barres
That mind wherein all life and glory lyes,
That ioy that neuer dyes.
That he dooth feele, that loues and is beloued,
And my delights approoued,
To ſee her pleas'd, whoſe loue maintaines me heere,
All thoſe I count ſo deere.
That though ſometimes Loue dooth my ioyes controule:
Yet am I glad he dwels within my ſoule.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

¶ *A Sheepheards dreame.*

A Silly Sheepheard lately ſate
among a flock of Sheepe:
Where muſing long on this and that,
at laſt he fell a ſleepe.
And in the ſlumber as he lay,
he gaue a pitteous groane:
He thought his ſheepe were runne away,
and he was left alone.
He whoopt, he whiſtled, and he call'd,
but not a ſheepe came neere him:
Which made the Sheepheard ſore appall'd,
to ſee that none would heare him.
But as the Swaine amazed ſtood,
in this moſt ſolemne vaine:

Came

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Came *Philida* foorth of the vvood,
and ſtoode before the Swaine.
Whom when the Sheepheard did behold,
he ſtraite began to weepe:
And at the hart he grew a cold,
to thinke vpon his ſheepe.
For well he knew, where came the Queene,
the Sheepheard durſt not ſtay:
And where that he durſt not be ſeene,
the ſheepe muſt needes away.
To aske her if ſhe ſaw his flock,
might happen pacience mooue:
And haue an aunſwere with a mock,
that ſuch demaunders prooue.
Yet for becauſe he ſaw her come
alone out of the vvood:
He thought he would not ſtand as dombe,
vvhen ſpeach might doo him good.
And therefore falling on his knees,
to aske but for his ſheepe:
He did awake, and ſo did leeſe
the honour of his ſleepe.

FINIS. *N. Breton.*

The Sheepheards Ode.

NIghts were ſhort, and dayes were long,
Bloſſomes on the Hawthorne hong,
Philomell (Night-Muſiques King,)
Told the comming of the Spring:
Whoſe ſweete-ſiluer-ſounding-voyce,
Made the little birds reioyce,
Skipping light from ſpray to ſpray,
Till *Aurora* ſhew'd the day.
Scarſe might one ſee, when I might ſee
(For ſuch chaunces ſudden be.)

By

By a Well of Marble-ſtone,
A Sheepheard lying all a-lone.
Weepe he did, and his weeping
Made the fading flowers ſpring.
Daphnis was his name I weene,
Youngeſt Swaine of Sommers-Queene.
When *Aurora* ſaw t'was he
Weepe ſhe did for companie:
Weepe ſhe did for her ſweet Sonne,
That (when antique Troy was wonne)
Suffer'd death by luckleſſe Fate,
Whom ſhe now laments too late:
And each morning (by Cocks crewe)
Showers downe her ſiluer dewe,
Whoſe teares falling from their ſpring,
Giue moiſture to each liuing thing
That on earth encreaſe and grow,
Through power of their friendly foe.
Whoſe effect when *Flora* felt,
Teares, that did her boſome melt,
(For who can reſiſt teares often,
But ſhe whom no teares can ſoften?)
Peering ſtraite aboue the banks,
Shew'd herſelfe to giue her thanks.
Wondring thus at Natures worke
(Wherein many meruailes lurke)
Me thought I heard a dolefull noyſe,
Conſorted with a mournfull voyce,
Drawing neere, to heare more plaine,
Heare I did, vnto my paine,
(For who is not pain'd to heare
Him in griefe whom hart holds deere?)
Silly Swaine with griefe ore-gone
Thus to make his pitteous mone.
Loue I did, alas the while,
Loue I did, but did beguile
My deere Loue with louing ſo,
Whom as then I did not know.

Loue

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Loue I did the fayreſt boy.
That theſe fields did ere enioy.
Loue I did faire *Ganimede*,
Venus darling, beauties bed:
Him I thought the faireſt creature,
Him the quinteſſence of Nature.
But yet (alas) I was deceau'd,
(Loue of reaſon is bereau'd.)
For ſince then I ſaw a Laſſe,
Laſſe that did in beauty paſſe,
Paſſe faire *Ganimede* as farre
As *Phœbus* dooth the ſmalleſt ſtarre.
Loue commaunded me to loue,
Fancie bad me not remoue
My affection from the Swaine
Whom I neuer could obtaine:
(For who can obtaine that fauour
Which he cannot graunt the crauer?)
Loue at laſt (though loth) preuail'd,
Loue that ſo my hart aſſail'd,
Wounding me with her faire eyes
Ah how Loue can ſubtillize?
And deuiſe a thouſand ſhifts
How to worke men to his drifts.
Her it is, for whom I mourne,
Her, for whom my life I ſcorne.
Her, for whom I weepe all day,
Her, for whom I ſigh, and ſay
Eyther ſhe, or elſe no creature
Shall enioy my loue: whoſe feature
Though I neuer can obtaine,
Yet ſhall my true-loue remaine:
Till (my body turn'd to clay)
My poore ſoule muſt paſſe away,
To the heauens; where I hope
It ſhall finde a reſting ſcope.
Then ſince I loued thee alone,
Remember me when I am gone.

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Scarse had he theſe laſt words ſpoken,
But me thought his hart was broken,
With great greefe that did abound,
(Cares and greefe the hart confound.)
In whoſe hart thus riu'd in three,
Eliza written I might ſee
In Caracters of crimſon blood,
Whoſe meaning well I vnderſtood.
Which,for my hart might not behold:
I hied me home my Sheepe to fold.

FINIS. *Rich. Barneſfelde.*

¶ The Sheepheards commendation of his Nimph.

WHat Sheepheard can expreſſe
The fauour of her face?
To whom in this diſtreſſe
I doo appeale for grace.
A thouſand *Cupids* flye
About her gentle eye.

From which each throwes a dart,
That kindleth ſoft ſweet fire
Within my ſighing hart,
Poſſeſſed by deſire.
No ſweeter life I trie
Then in her loue to die.

The Lilly in the field,
That glories in his white:
For purenes now muſt yeeld
And render vp his right.
Heauen pictur'd in her face,
Dooth promiſe ioy and grace.

Faire *Cinthias* ſiluer light,
That beates on running ſtreames:

Compares

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Compares not with her white,
Whoſe haires are all Sunne-beames.
So bright my Nimph dooth ſhine
As day vnto my eyne.

With this there is a red,
Exceedes the Damaske-Roſe:
Which in her cheekes is ſpred,
Whence euery fauour growes.
In Skie there is no ſtarre,
But ſhe ſurmounts it farre.

When *Phœbus* from the bed
Of *Thetis* dooth ariſe:
The morning bluſhing red,
In faire Carnation wiſe:
He ſhewes in my Nimphs face,
As Queene of euery grace.

This pleaſant Lilly white,
This taint of Roſeate red:
This *Cynthias* ſiluer light,
This ſweete faire *Dea* ſpred,
Theſe Sun-beames in mine eye,
Theſe beauties make me die.

FINIS. *Earle of Oxenford.*

¶ Coridon *to his* Phillis.

ALas my hart, mine eye hath wronged thee,
Preſumptuous eye, to gaze on *Phillis* face:
Whoſe heauenly eye no mortall man may ſee,
But he muſt die, or purchaſe *Phillis* grace.
Poore *Coridon*, the Nimph whoſe eye dooth mooue thee:
Dooth loue to draw, but is not drawne to loue thee.

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Her beautie, Natures pride, and Sheepheards praiſe,
Her eye, the heauenly Planet of my life:
Her matchleſſe wit and grace, her fame diſplaies,
As if that *Ioue* had made her for his wife.
Onely her eyes ſhoote fierie darts to kill:
Yet is her hart as cold as *Caucaſe* hill.
My wings too weake to flye againſt the Sunne,
Mine eyes vnable to ſuſtaine her light:
My hart dooth yeeld that I am quite vndone,
Thus hath faire *Phillis* ſlaine me with her ſight.
My bud is blaſted, withred is my leafe:
And all my corne is rotted in the ſheafe.
Phillis, the golden fetter of my minde,
My fancies Idoll, and my vitall power:
Goddeſſe of Nimphs, and honour of thy kinde,
This Ages *Phœnix*, beauties richeſt bower.
Poore *Coridon* for loue of thee muſt die:
Thy beauties thrall, and conqueſt of thine eye.
Leaue *Coridon* to plough the barren field,
Thy buds of hope are blaſted with diſgrace:
For *Phillis* lookes no harty loue doo yeeld,
Nor can ſhe loue, for all her louely face.
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She cannot loue, and therefore thou muſt die.

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Melibeus. SHeepheard, what's Loue, I pray thee tell?
Faustus. It is that Fountaine, and that Well,
Where pleaſure and repentance dwell.
It is perhaps that ſauncing bell,
That toules all into heauen or hell,
And this is Loue as I heard tell.

Mel

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Meli. Yet what is Loue, I pre-thee ſay?
Fau. It is a worke on holy-day,
It is December match'd with May,
When luſtie-bloods in freſh aray,
Heare ten moneths after of the play,
And this is Loue, as I heare ſay.
Meli. Yet what is Loue, good Sheepheard ſaine?
Fau. It is a Sun-ſhine mixt with raine,
It is a tooth-ach, or like paine,
It is a game where none dooth gaine,
The Laſſe ſaith no, and would full faine:
And this is Loue, as I heare ſaine.
Meli. Yet Sheepheard, what is Loue, I pray?
Fau. It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of ſporting fray,
It is a thing will ſoone away,
Then Nimphs take vantage while ye may:
And this is loue as I heare ſay.
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Fau. A thing that creepes, it cannot goe,
A prize that paſſeth too and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that prooues ſhall finde it ſo;
And Sheepheard this is loue I troe.

FINIS. *Ignoto.*

To his Flocks.

FEede on my Flocks ſecurely,
Your Sheepheard watcheth ſurely,
Runne about my little Lambs,
Skip and wanton with your Dammes,
Your louing Heard with care will tend ye:
Sport on faire flocks at pleaſure,
Nip *Veſtaes* flowring treaſure,

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But me thought his hart was broken,
With great greefe that did abound,
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Eliza written I might see
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The fauour of her face?
To whom in this distresse
I doo appeale for grace.
A thousand *Cupids* flye
About her gentle eye.

From which each throwes a dart,
That kindleth soft sweet fire
Within my sighing hart,
Possessed by desire.
No sweeter life I trie
Then in her loue to die.

The Lilly in the field,
That glories in his white:
For purenes now must yeeld
And render vp his right.
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Nip *Veſtaes* flowring treaſure,

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I my ſelfe will duely harke,
When my watchfull dogge dooth barke,
From Woolfe and Foxe I will defend ye.

FINIS. *H. C.*

A Roundelay betweene two Sheepheards.

1. *Shep.* TEll me thou gentle Sheepheards Swaine,
Who'ſe yonder in the Vale is ſet?
2. *Shep.* Oh it is ſhe, whoſe ſweetes doo ſtaine,
The Lilly, Roſe, the Violet.

1. *Shep.* Why dooth the Sunne againſt his kind,
Fixe his bright Chariot in the skies?
2. *Shep.* Becauſe the Sunne is ſtrooken blind,
With looking on her heauenly eyes.

1. *Shep.* Why doo thy flocks forbeare their food,
Which ſometime were thy chiefe delight?
2. *Shep.* Becauſe they neede no other good,
That liue in preſence of her ſight.

1. *Shep.* Why looke theſe flowers ſo pale and ill,
That once attir'd this goodly Heath?
2. *Shep.* She hath rob'd Nature of her skill,
And ſweetens all things with her breath.

1. *Shep.* Why ſlide theſe brookes ſo ſlow away,
Whoſe bubling murmur pleas'd thine eare?
2. *Shep.* Oh meruaile not although they ſtay,
When they her heauenly voyce doo heare.

1. *Shep.* From whence come all theſe Sheepheards Swain
And louely Nimphs attir'd in greene?
2. *Shep.* From gathering Garlands on the Plaines,
To crowne our faire the Sheepheards Queene.

The

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Both. The Sunne that lights this world below.
Flocks, flowers, and brookes will witneſſe beares
Theſe Nimphs and Sheepheards all doo know,
That it is ſhe is onely faire.

FINIS. *Mich. Drayton.*

¶ The ſolitarie Sheepheards Song.

O Shadie Vales, ô faire enriched Meades,
O ſacred vvoods, ſweet fields, and riſing mountaines:
O painted flowers, greene hearbs where *Flora* treads,
Refreſht by wanton winds and watry fountaines.

O all you winged Queriſters of vvood,
that pearcht aloft, your former paines report:
And ſtraite againe recount with pleaſant moode,
your preſent ioyes in ſweete and ſeemely ſort.

O all you creatures whoſoeuer thriue
on mother earth, in Seas, by ayre, by fire:
More bleſt are you then I heere vnder Sunne,
loue dies in me, when as he dooth reuiue
In you, I periſh vnder beauties ire,
where after ſtormes, winds, froſts, your life is wunne.

FINIS. *Thom. Lodge.*

¶ The Sheepheards reſolution in loue.

IF *Ioue* him-ſelfe be ſubiect vnto *Loue*,
And range the vvoods to finde a mortall pray,
If *Neptune* from the Seas him-ſelfe remoue,
And ſeeke on ſands with earthly wights to play:
Then may I loue my Sheepheardeſſe by right,
Who farre excells each other mortall wight?

If

If *Pluto* could by Loue be drawne from hell,
To yeeld him-ſelfe a ſilly virgins thrall.
If *Phebus* could vouchſafe on earth to dwell,
To winne a ruſtick Mayde vnto his call:
Then how much more ſhould I adore the ſight,
Of her in whom the heauens them-ſelues delight?

If Country *Pan* might follow Nimphs in chaſe,
And yet through loue remaine deuoide of blame,
If *Satires* were excus'd for ſeeking grace,
To ioy the fruites of any mortall Dame:
My Sheepheardeſſe, why ſhould not I loue ſtill
On whom nor Gods nor men can gaze their fill?

FINIS. *Tho. Watſon.*

¶ Coridons *Hymne in praiſe of* Amarillis.

WOuld mine eyes were chriſtall Fountaines,
Where you might the ſhadow view
Of my greefes, like to theſe mountaines
Swelling for the loſſe of you.
Cares which cureleſſe are alas,
Helpleſſe, hapleſſe for they grow:
Cares like tares in number paſſe,
All the ſeedes that loue dooth ſow.
Who but could remember all
Twinkling eyes ſtill repreſenting?
Starres which pierce me to the gall,
Cauſe they lend no more contenting.
And you Nectar-lips, alluring
Humane ſence to taſt of heauen:
For no Art of mans manuring,
Finer ſilke hath euer weauen.
Who but could remember this,
The ſweete odours of your fauour?

When

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When I ſmeld I was in bliſſe,
Neuer felt I ſweeter ſauour.
And your harmeleſſe hart annoynted,
As the cuſtome was of Kings:
Shewes your ſacred ſoule appoynted,
To be prime of earthly things.
Ending thus remember all,
Cloathed in a mantle greene:
Tis enough I am your thrall,
Leaue to thinke what eye hath ſeene.
Yet the eye may not ſo leaue,
Though the thought doo ſtill repine:
But muſt gaze till death bequeath,
Eyes and thoughts vnto her ſhrine.
Which if *Amarillis* chaunce,
Hearing to make haſt to ſee:
To life death ſhe may aduaunce.
Therefore eyes and thoughts goe free.

FINIS. *T. B.*

¶ *The Sheepheard* Carillo *his Song.*

Guarda mi las Vaccas
Carillo, por tu fe,
Beſa mi Primero,
Yo te las guardare.

I Pre-thee keepe my Kine for me
Carillo, wilt thou? Tell.
Firſt let me haue a kiſſe of thee,
And I will keepe them well.

If to my charge or them to keepe,
Thou dooſt commend thy Kine or Sheepe,

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For thee I doo ſuffiſe:
Becauſe in this I haue beene bred,
But for ſo much as I haue fed
By viewing thee, mine eyes;
Commaund not me to keepe thy beaſt:
Becauſe my ſelfe I can keepe leaſt.

How can I keepe, I pre-thee tell,
Thy Kie, my ſelfe that cannot well
defend, nor pleaſe thy kinde
As long as I haue ſerued thee?
But if thou wilt giue vnto me
a kiſſe to pleaſe my minde:
I aske no more for all my paine,
And I will keepe them very faine.

For thee, the gift is not ſo great
That I doo aske, to keepe thy Neate,
but vnto me it is
A guerdon, that ſhall make me liue.
Diſdaine not then to lend, or giue
ſo ſmall a gift as this.
But if to it thou canſt not frame:
Then giue me leaue to take the ſame.

But if thou dooſt (my ſweet) denie
To recompence me by and by,
thy promiſe ſhall relent me:
Heere-after ſome reward to finde,
Behold how I doo pleaſe my minde,
and fauours doo content me,
That though thou ſpeak'ſt it but in ieſt:
I meane to take it at the beſt.

Behold how much loue works in me,
And how ill recompenc'd of thee
that with the ſhadow of
Thy happy fauours (though delay'd)

I thinke

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I thinke my ſelfe right well appay'd,
although they prooue a ſcoffe.
Then pitty me, that haue forgot:
My ſelfe for thee, that careſt not.

O in extreame thou art moſt faire,
And in extreame vniuſt deſpaire
thy cruelty maintaines:
O that thou wert ſo pittifull
Vnto theſe torments that doo pull
my ſoule with ſenceleſſe paines,
As thou ſhew'ſt in that face of thine:
Where pitty and mild-grace ſhould ſhine.

If that thy faire and ſweeteſt face
Aſſureth me both peace and grace,
thy hard and cruell hart:
Which in that white breaſt thou doo'ſt beare,
Dooth make me tremble yet for feare
thou wilt not end my ſmart.
In contraries of ſuch a kinde:
Tell me what ſuccour ſhall I finde?

If then young Sheepheardeſſe thou craue
A Heards-man for thy beaſt to haue,
with grace thou maiſt reſtore
Thy Sheepheard from his barren loue,
For neuer other ſhalt thou prooue,
that ſeekes to pleaſe thee more:
And who to ſerue thy turne, will neuer ſhun,
The nipping froſt, and beames of parching Sun.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

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¶ Corins *dreame of his faire* Chloris.

WHat time bright *Titan* in the *Zenith* ſat,
And equally the fixed poales did heate:
When to my flock my daily woes I chat,
And vnderneath a broade Beech tooke my ſeate.
The dreaming God which *Morpheus* Poets call
Augmenting fuell to my *Aetnaes* fire,
With ſleepe poſſeſſing my weake ſences all,
In apparitions makes my hopes aſpire.
Me thought I ſaw the Nimph I would embrace,
With armes abroade comming to me for helpe:
A luſt-led Satire having her in chace,
Which after her about the fields did yelpe.
I ſeeing my Loue in ſuch perplexed plight,
A ſturdie bat from off an Oake I reft:
And with the Rauiſher continued fight,
Till breathleſſe I vpon the earth him left.
Then when my coy Nimph ſaw her breathleſſe foe,
With kiſſes kind ſhe gratifies my paine:
Proteſting rigour neuer more to ſhow,
Happy was I this good hap to obtaine.
But drowſie ſlumbers flying to their Cell,
My ſudden ioy conuerted was to bale:
My wonted ſorrowes ſtill with me doo dwell,
I looked round about on hill and Dale:
But I could neither my faire *Chloris* view,
Nor yet the Satire which yer-while I ſlew.

FINIS. *W. S.*

The

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¶ *The Sheepheard* Damons *paſſion.*

AH trees, why fall your leaues ſo faſt?
Ah Rocks, where are your roabes of moſſe?
Ah Flocks, why ſtand you all agaſt?
Trees, Rocks, and Flocks, what, are ye penſiue for my loſſe?

The birds me thinks tune naught but moane,
The winds breath naught but bitter plaint:
The beaſts forſake their dennes to groane,
Birds, winds, and beaſts, what, dooth my loſſe your powers attaint?

Floods weepe their ſprings aboue their bounds,
And Eccho wailes to ſee my woe:
The roabe of ruthe dooth cloath the grounds,
Floods Eccho, grounds, why doo ye all theſe teares beſtow?

The trees, the Rocks and Flocks replie,
The birds, the winds, the beaſts report:
Floods, Eccho, grounds for ſorrow crie,
We greeue ſince *Phillis* nill kinde *Damons* loue conſort.

FINIS. *Thom. Lodge.*

¶ *The Sheepheard* Muſidorus *his complaint.*

COme Sheepheards weedes, become your Maiſters minde,
Yeeld outward ſhew, what inward change he tries:
Nor be abaſh'd, ſince ſuch a gueſt you finde,
Whoſe ſtrongeſt hope in your weake comfort lies.
Come Sheepheards weedes, attend my wofull cries,
Diſuſe your ſelues from ſweete *Menalcas* voyce:
For other be thoſe tunes which ſorrow ties,

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From thole cleare notes which freely may reioyce.
Then poure out plaints, and in one word ſay this:
Helpleſſe his plaint, who ſpoiles him ſelfe of bliſſe.

FINIS. *S. Phil. Sidney.*

¶ *The Sheepheards braule, one halfe anſwering the other.*

1. WE loue, and haue our loues rewarded?
2. We loue, and are no whit regarded.
1. We finde moſt ſweet affections ſnare:
2. That ſweete but ſower diſpairefull care.
1. Who can diſpaire, whom hope dooth beare?
2. And who can hope, that feeles diſpaire?
All. As without breath no pipe dooth moue:
No Muſique kindly without loue.

FINIS. *S. Phil. Sidney.*

¶ Dorus *his compariſons.*

MY Sheepe are thoughts, which I both guide and ſerue,
Their paſture is faire hills of fruitleſſe loue:
On barren ſweetes they feede, and feeding ſterue,
I waile their lot, but will not other proue.
My ſheepe-hooke is wanne hope. which all vpholds:
My weedes, deſires, cut out in endleſſe folds.
What wooll my Sheepe ſhall beare, while thus they liue:
In you it is, you muſt the iudgement giue.

FINIS. *S. Phil. Sidney.*

¶ *The*

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Of The Sheepheard Faustus his Song.

A faire Mayde wed to prying Iealousie,
One of the fairest as euer I did see:
If that thou wilt a secret Louer take,
(Sweet life) doe not my secret loue forsake.

ECclipsed was our Sunne,
And faire *Aurora* darkened to vs quite,
Our morning starre was doone,
And Sheepheards starre lost cleane out of our sighe,
When that thou didst thy faith in wedlock plight.
Dame Nature made thee faire.
And ill did careless Fortune marry thee,
And pitty with despaire
It was, that this thy hapless hap should be,
A faire Mayde wed to prying Iealousie.

Our eyes are not so bold
To view the Sun, that flies with radiant wing:
Vnlesse that we doo hold
A glasse before them, or some other thing.
Then wisely this to passe did Fortune bring
To couer thee with such a vaile:
For heeretofore, when any viewed thee,
Thy sight made his to faile,
For (sooth) thou art: thy beautie telleth mee,
One of the fairest as euer I did see.

Thy graces to obscure,
With such a froward husband, and so base
She meant thereby most sure
That *Cupids* force, and loue thou should'st embrace,
For 'tis a force to loue, no wondrous case.
Then care no more for kin.
And doubt no more, for feare thou must forsake,

To

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To loue thou muſt begin,
And from hence-forth this queſtion neuer make,
If that thou ſhould'ſt a ſecret Louer take?

Of force it dooth behooue
That thou ſhould'ſt be belou'd, and that againe
(Faire Miſtreſſe) thou ſhould'ſt loue,
For to what end, what purpoſe, and what gaine,
Should ſuch perfections ſerue? as now in vaine
My loue is of ſuch art,
That (of it ſelfe) it well deſerues to take
In thy ſweete loue a part:
Then for no Sheepheard, that his loue dooth make,
(Sweet life) doo not my ſecret loue forſake.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

Another of the ſame, by Firmius *the Sheepheard.*

IF that the gentle winde
dooth mooue the leaues with pleaſant ſound,
If that the Kid behind
Is left, that cannot find
her dam, runnes bleating vp and downe:
The Bagpipe, Reede, or Flute,
onely with ayre if that they touched be,
With pitty all ſalute,
And full of loue doo bruite
thy name, and ſound *Diana*, ſeeing thee:
A faire Mayde wed to prying Iealouſie.

The fierce and ſauage beaſts
(beyond their kind and nature yet)
With pitteous voyce and beaſt,
In mountaines without reſt
the ſelfe-ſame Song doo not forget.

If

If that they ſtay'd at *(Faire)*
and had not paſſed to prying *Ielouſie*:
With plaints of ſuch deſpaire
As moou'd the gentle ayre
to teares: The Song that they did ſing, ſhould be
One of the fayreſt as euer I did ſee.

Miſhap, and fortunes play,
ill did they place in Beauties breſt:
For ſince ſo much to ſay,
There was of beauties ſway,
they had done well to leaue the reſt.
They had enough to doo,
if in her praiſe their wits they did awake:
But yet ſo muſt they too,
And all thy loue that woo,
thee not too coy, nor too too proude to make,
If that thou wilt a ſecret Louer take.

For if thou hadſt but knowne
the beauty, that they heere doo touch,
Thou woul'dſt then loue alone
Thy ſelfe, nor any one,
onely thy ſelfe accounting much.
But if thou doo'ſt conceaue
this beauty, that I will not publique make,
And mean'ſt not to bereaue
The world of it, but leaue
the ſame to ſome (which neuer peere did take,)
(Sweet life) doo not my ſecret loue forſake.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

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¶ Damelus *Song to his* Diaphenia.

Diaphenia like the Daffadown-dillie,
White as the Sunne, faire as the Lillie,
heigh hoe, how I doo loue thee?
I doo loue thee as my Lambs
Are beloued of their Dams,
how blest were I if thou would'st proone me?

Diaphenia like the spreading Roses,
That in thy sweetes all sweetes inclose,
faire sweete how I doo loue thee?
I doo loue thee as each flower,
Loues the Sunnes life giuing power.
for dead, thy breath to life might moone me.

Diaphenia like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed,
deare Ioy, how I doo loue thee?
As the birds doo loue the Spring:
Or the Bees their carefull King,
then in requite, sweet Virgin loue me

FINIS. *H. C.*

¶ *The Sheepheard* Eurymachus *to his faire Sheepheardesse* Mirimida.

WHen *Flora* proud in pompe of all her flowers
sate bright and gay:
And gloried in the dewe of *Iris* showers,
and did display
Her mantle checquer'd all with gaudie greene,
Then I
alone
A mournfull man in *Ericine* was seene.

With

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With folded armes I trampled through the graſſe,
Tracing as he
That held the throane of Fortune brittle glaſſe,
And loue to be
Like Fortune fleeting, as the reſtleſſe wind
Mixed
with miſts
Whoſe dampe dooth make the cleareſt eyes grow blind.

Thus in a maze, I ſpied a hideous flame,
I caſt my ſight,
And ſawe where blithely bathing in the ſame
With great delight
A worme did lie, wrapt in a ſmoakie ſweate:
And yet
twas ſtrange,
It careleſſe lay, and ſhrunk not at the heate.

I ſtoode amaz'd, and wondring at the ſight,
while that a dame,
That ſhone like to the heauens rich ſparkling light,
Diſcourſt the ſame,
And ſaid, My friend, this worme within the fire:
Which lyes
content,
Is *Venus* worme, and repreſents deſire.

A Salamander is this princely beaſt,
Deck'd with a crowne,
Giuen him by *Cupid* as a gorgeous creaſt,
Gainſt Fortunes frowne.
Content he lyes, and bathes him in the flame,
And goes
not foorth,
For why, he cannot liue without the ſame.

As he, ſo Louers liue within the fire
Of feruent loue:

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And ſhrinke not from the flame of hote deſire,
Nor will not moue
From any heate that *Venus* force imparts:
But lie
content,
Within a fire, and waſte away their harts.

Vp flewe the Dame, and vaniſh'd in a cloud,
But there ſtoode I,
And many thoughts within my mind did ſhroud
My loue: for why
I felt within my hart a ſcorching fire,
And yet
as did
The Salamander, twas my whole deſire.

FINIS. *Ro. Greene.*

The Sheepheard Firmius *his Song.*

SHeepheards giue eare, and now be ſtill
Vnto my paſſions, and their cauſe,
and what they be:
Since that with ſuch an earneſt will,
And ſuch great ſignes of friendſhips lawes,
you aske it me.

It is not long ſince I was whole,
Nor ſince I did in euery part
free-will reſigne:
It is not long ſince in my ſole
Poſſeſſion, I did know my hart,
and to be mine.

It is not long, ſince euen and morrow,
All pleaſure that my hart could finde,
was in my power:

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It is not long, ſince greefe and ſorrow,
My louing hart began to binde,
and to deuoure.

It is not long, ſince companie
I did eſteeme a ioy indeede
ſtill to frequent:
Nor long, ſince ſolitarilie
I liu'd, and that this life did breede
my ſole content.

Deſirous I (wretched) to ſee,
But thinking not to ſee ſo much
as then I ſawe:
Loue made me know in what degree,
His valour and braue force did touch
me with his lawe.

Firſt he did put no more nor leſſe
Into my hart, then he did view
that there did want:
But when my breaſt in ſuch exceſſe
Of liuely flames to burne I knew,
then were ſo ſcant

My ioyes, that now did ſo abate,
(My ſelfe eſtraunged euery way
from former reſt:)
That I did know, that my eſtate,
And that my life was euery day,
in deaths arreſt.

I put my hand into my ſide,
To ſee what was the cauſe of this
vnwonted vaine:
Where I did finde, that torments hied
By endleſſe death to preiudice
my life with paine.

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Becauſe I ſawe that there did want
My hart, wherein I did delight,
my deareſt hart:
And he that did the ſame ſupplant,
No iuriſdiction had of right
to play that part.

The Iudge and Robber, that remaine
Within my ſoule, their cauſe to trie,
are there all one:
And ſo the giuer of the paine,
And he that is condemn'd to die
or I, or none.

To die I care not any way,
Though without why, to die I greeue,
as I doo ſee:
But for becauſe I heard her ſay,
None die for lone, for I beleeue
none ſuch there be.

Then this thou ſhalt beleeue by me
Too late, and without remedie
as did in briefe:
Anexarete, and thou ſhalt ſee,
The little ſhe did ſatisfie
with after griefe.

FINIS. *Ber. Yong.*

¶ *The Sheepheards praiſe of his ſacred* Diana.

PRayſed be *Dianaes* faire and harmeleſſe light,
Praiſed be the dewes, where-with ſhe moiſts the ground:
Praiſed be her beames, the glory of the night,
Prais'd be her power, by which all powers abound.

Prais'd

Prais'd be her Nimphs, with whom she decks the vvoods,
Prais'd be her Knights, in whom true honour liues:
Prais'd be that force, by which she mooues the floods,
Let that *Diana* shine which all these giues.

In heauen Queene she is among the Spheares,
She Mistresse-like makes all things to be pure:
Eternity in her oft change she beares,
She beauty is, by her the faire endure.

Time weares her not, she dooth his Chariot guide,
Mortality below her Orbe is plast:
By her the vertue of the starres downe slide.
In her is vertues perfect Image cast.

A knowledge pure it is her woorth to know:
With *Circes* let them dwell, that thinke not so.

FINIS. *S. W. R.*

¶ The Sheepheards dumpe.

LIke desart Woods, with darksome shades obscured,
Where dreadfull beasts, where hatefull horror raigneth,
Such is my wounded hart, whom sorrow paineth.

The Trees are fatall shafts, to death inured,
That cruell loue within my hart maintaineth,
To whet my greefe, when as my sorrow waineth.

The ghastly beasts, my thoughts in cares assured,
Which wadge me warre, whilst hart no succour gaineth,
With false suspect, and feare that still remaineth.

The horrors, burning sighs, by cares procured,
Which foorth I send, whilst weeping eye complaineth,
To coole the heate the helplesse hart containeth.

But

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But ſhafts, but cares, ſighs, horrors vnrecured,
Were nought eſteem'd, if for their paines awarded:
Your Sheepheards loue might be by you regarded.

FINIS. S. E. D.

The Nimph Dianaes *Song.*

WHen that I poore ſoule was borne,
I was borne vnfortunate:
Preſently the Fates had ſworne,
To fore-tell my hapleſſe ſtate.

Titan his faire beames did hide,
Phœbe 'clips'd her ſiluer light:
In my birth my Mother died,
Young and faire in heauie plight.

And the Nurſe that gaue me ſuck,
Hapleſſe was in all her life:
And I neuer had good luck,
Being mayde or married wife.

I lou'd well, and was belou'd,
And forgetting, was forgot:
This a hapleſſe marriage mou'd,
Greeuing that it kills me not.

With the earth would I were wed,
Then in ſuch a graue of woes
Daylie to be buried,
Which no end nor number knowes.

Young my Father married me,
Forc'd by my obedience:
Syrenus, thy faith, and thee
I forgot without offence.

Which

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Which contempt I pay ſo farre,
Neuer like was paid ſo much:
Iealouſies doo make me warre,
But without a cauſe of ſuch.

I doo goe with iealous eyes,
To my folds, and to my Sheepe:
And with iealouſie I riſe,
When the day begins to peepe.

At his table I doo eate,
In his bed with him I lie:
But I take no reſt, nor meate,
Without cruell iealouſie.

If I aske him what he ayles,
And whereof he iealous is?
In his aunſwere then he failes,
Nothing can he ſay to this.

In his face there is no cheere,
But he euer hangs the head:
In each corner he dooth peere,
And his ſpeech is ſad and dead.

Ill the poore ſoule liues ywis:
That ſo hardly married is.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

¶ Rowlands *Madrigall.*

FAire Loue reſt thee heere,
Neuer yet was morne ſo cleere,
Sweete be not vnkinde,
Let me thy fauour finde,
Or elſe for loue I die.

O. Harke

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Harke this pretty bubling ſpring,
How it makes the Meadowes ring,
Loue now ſtand my friend,
Heere let all ſorrow end,
And I will honour thee.
See where little *Cupid* lyes,
Looking babies in her eyes.
Cupid helpe me now,
Lend to me thy bowe,
to wound her that wounded me.
Heere is none to ſee or tell,
All our flocks are feeding by,
This banke with Roſes ſpred,
Oh it is a dainty bed,
fit for my Loue and me.

Harke the birds in yonder Groaue,
How they chaunt vnto my Loue,
Loue be kind to me,
As I haue beene to thee,
for thou haſt wonne my hart.
Calme windes blow you faire,
Rock her thou ſweete gentle ayre,
O the morne is noone,
The euening comes too ſoone,
to part my Loue and me.
The Roſes and thy lips doo meete,
Oh that life were halfe ſo ſweete,
Who would reſpect his breath,
That might die ſuch a death,
oh that life thus might die.
All the buſhes that be neere,
With ſweet Nightingales beſet,
Huſh ſweete and be ſtill,
Let them ſing their fill,
there's none our ioyes to let.

Sunne

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Sunne why doo'ſt thou goe ſo faſt?
Oh why doo'ſt thou make ſuch haſt?
It is too early yet,
So ſoone from ioyes to flit,
why art thou ſo vnkind?
See my little Lambkins runne,
Looke on them till I haue done,
Haſt not on the night,
To rob me of her ſight,
that liue but by her eyes.
Alas, ſweet Loue, we muſt depart,
Harke, my dogge begins to barke,
Some bodie's comming neere,
They ſhall not finde vs heere,
for feare of being chid.
Take my Garland and my Gloue,
Weare it for my ſake my Loue,
To morrow on the greene,
Thou ſhalt be our Sheepheards Queene,
crowned with Roſes gay.

FINIS. *Mich. Drayton.*

¶ Alanius *the Sheepheard, his dolefull Song, complayning of* Iſmeniaes *cruelties.*

NO more (ô cruell Nimph,) now haſt thou prayed
Enough in thy reuenge, prooue not thine ire
On him that yeelds, the fault is now appayed
Vnto my coſt: Now mollifie thy dire
Hardnes, and breſt of thine ſo much obdured:
And now raiſe vp (though lately it hath erred,)
A poore repenting ſoule, that in the obſcured
Darknes of thy obliuion lyes enterred.
For it falls not in that, that ſhould commend thee:
That ſuch a Swaine as I may once offend thee.

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If that the little Sheepe with ſpeede is flying
From angry Sheepheard (with his words afrayed)
And runneth here and there with fearefull crying,
And with great griefe is from the flock eſtrayed:
But when it now perceiues that none doth follow,
And all alone, ſo farre eſtraying mourneth,
Knowing what danger it is in, with hollow
And fainting bleates, then fearefull it returneth
Vnto the flock, meaning no more to leaue it:
Should it not be a iuſt thing to receaue it?

Lift vp thoſe eyes (*Iſmenia*) which ſo ſtately
To view me, thou haſt lifted vp before me,
That liberty, which was mine owne but lately,
Giue me againe, and to the ſame reſtore me:
And that mild hart, ſo full of loue and pittie,
Which thou didſt yeeld to me, and euer owe mee
Behold (my Nimph) I was not then ſo wittie
To know that ſincere loue that thou didſt ſhew me:
Now wofull man, full well I know and rue it,
Although it was too late before I knew it.

How could it be (my enemie?) ſay, tell me,
How thou (in greater fault and errour being
Then euer I was thought) ſhould'ſt thus repell me?
And with new league and cruell title ſeeing
Thy faith ſo pure and worthy to be changed?
And what is that *Iſmenia*, that dooth bind it
To loue, whereas the ſame is moſt eſtranged,
And where it is impoſſible to finde it?
But pardon me, if heerein I abuſe thee:
Since that the cauſe thou gau'ſt me dooth excuſe me.

But tell me now, what honour haſt thou gayned,
Auenging ſuch a fault by thee committed,
And there-vnto by thy occaſion trayned?
What haue I done, that I haue not acquitted?
Or what exceſſe that is not amply payed,

Or

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Or ſuffer more, that I haue not endured?
What cruell minde, what angry breaſt diſplayed,
With ſauage hart, to fiercenes ſo adiured?
Would not ſuch mortall griefe make milde and tender:
But that, which my fell Sheepheardeſſe dooth render?

Now as I haue perceaued well thy reaſons,
Which thou haſt had, or haſt yet to forget me,
The paines, the griefes, the guilts of forced treaſons,
That I haue done, wherein thou firſt didſt ſet me:
The paſſions, and thine eares and eyes refuſing
To peare and ſee me, meaning to vndoe me:
Cam'ſt thou to know, or be but once peruſing
Th'vnſought occaſions, which thou gau'ſt vnto me:
Thou ſhould'ſt not haue where-with to more torment me:
Nor I to pay the fault my raſhnes lent me.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

¶ Montana *the Sheepheard, his loue to* Aminta.

I Serue *Aminta*, whiter then the ſnowe,
Straighter then Cedar, brighter then the glaſſe:
More fine in trip, then foote of running Roe,
More pleaſant then the field of flowring graſſe.
More gladſome to my withering ioyes that fade:
Then Winters Sunne, or Sommers cooling ſhade.

Sweeter then ſwelling Grape of ripeſt vvine,
Softer then feathers of the faireſt Swan:
Smoother then Iet, more ſtately then the Pine,
Freſher then Poplar, ſmaller then my ſpan.
Clearer then *Phœbus* fierie pointed beame:
Or Icie cruſt of Chriſtalls frozen ſtreame.

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Yet is she curster then the Beare by kind,
And harder harted then the aged Oake:
More glib then Oyle, more fickle then the wind,
More stiffe then steele, no sooner bent but broake.
Loe thus my seruice is a lasting sore:
Yet will I serue, although I die therefore.

FINIS. *Shep. Tonie.*

¶ *The Sheephoards sorrow for his* Phæbes *disdaine.*

OH Woods vnto your walks my body hies,
To loose the trayterous bonds of tyring Loue,
Where trees, where hearbs, where flowers,
Their natiue moisture poures
From foorth their tender stalkes, to helpe mine eyes,
Yet their vnited teares may nothing moue.

When I behold the faire adorned tree,
Which lightnigs force and Winters frost resists,
Then *Daphnes* ill betide,
And *Phæbus* lawlesse pride
Enforce me say, euen such my sorrowes be:
For selfe disdaine in *Phæbes* hart consists.

If I behold the flowers by morning teares
Looke louely sweete: Ah then forlorne I crie
Sweete showers for *Memnon* shed,
All flowers by you are fed.
Whereas my pittious plaint that still appeares,
Yeelds vigor to her scornes, and makes me die.

When I regard the pretty glee-full bird,
With teare-full (yet delightfull) notes complaine:
I yeeld a terror with my teares.
And while her musique wounds mine eares,

Alas

Alas ſay I, when will my notes afford
Such like remorce, who ſtill bewepe my paine?

When I behold vpon the leafe-leſſe bow
The hapleſſe bird lament her Loues depart:
I draw her biding nigh,
And ſitting downe I ſigh,
And ſighing ſay: Alas, that birds auow
A ſetled faith, yet *Phebe* ſcornes my ſmart.

Thus wearie in my walke, and wofull too,
I ſpend the day, fore-ſpent with daily greefe:
Each obiect of diſtreſſe
My ſorrow dooth expreſſe.
I doate on that which dooth my hart vndoo:
And honour her that ſcornes to yeeld releefe.

FINIS. *Ignoto.*

¶ Eſpilus *and* Therion, *their contention in Song for the May-Ladie.*

Eſpilus. TVne vp my voyce, a higher note I yeeld,
To high conceite, the Song muſt needes neede be hie:
More high then ſtarres, more firme then flintie field
Are all my thoughts, in which I liue and die.
Sweete ſoule to whom I vowed am a ſlaue:
Let not wild vvoods ſo great a treaſure haue.

Therion. The higheſt note comes oft from baſeſt minde,
As ſhallow Brookes doo yeeld the greateſt ſound:
Seeke other thoughts thy life or death to finde,
Thy ſtarres be falne, plowed is thy flinty ground.
Sweet ſoule, let not a wretch that ſerueth Sheepe,
Among his Flock ſo ſweete a treaſure keepe.

Eſpilus.

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Eſpilus. Two thouſand Sheepe I haue as white as milke,
Though not ſo white as is thy louely face:
The paſture rich, the wooll as ſoft as ſilke,
All this I giue, let me poſſeſſe thy grace.
But ſtill take heede, leaſt thou thy ſelfe ſubmit:
To one that hath no wealth, and wants his wit.

Therion. Two thouſand Deere in wildeſt woods I haue,
Them can I take, but you I cannot hold:
He is not poore who can his freedome ſaue,
Bound but to you, no wealth but you I would.
But take this beaſt, if beaſts you feare to miſſe:
For of his beaſts the greateſt beaſt he is.

Both kneeling to her Maieſtie.

Eſpilus. Iudge you, to whom all beauties force is lent:
Therion. Iudge you of loue, to whom all loue is bent.

This Song was ſung before the Queenes moſt excellent Maieſtie, in Wanſted Garden: as a contention betweene a Forreſter and a Sheepheard for the May-Ladie.

FINIS. *S. Phil. Sidney.*

A Olde Melibeus *Song, courting his Nimph.*

LOues Queene long wayting for her true-Loue,
Slaine by a Boare which he had chaſed,
Left off her teares, and me embraced,
She kiſt me ſweete, and call'd me new-Loue.
With my filuer haire ſhe toyed,
In my ſtayed lookes ſhe ioyed.
Boyes (ſhe ſayd) breede beauties ſorrow:
Olde men cheere it euen and morrow.

My

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My face ſhe nam'd the ſeate of fauour,
All my defects her tongue defended,
My ſhape ſhe prais'd, but moſt commended.
My breath more ſweete then Balme in ſauour.
Be old man with me delighted,
Loue for loue ſhall be requited,
With her toyes at laſt ſhe wone me:
Now ſhe coyes that hath vndone me.

FINIS. *M. F G.*

Of The Sheepheard Syluanus *his Song.*

MY life (young Sheepheardeſſe) for thee
Of needes to death muſt poſt:
But yet my greefe muſt ſtay with me,
After my life is loſt.

The greeuous ill, by Death that cured is,
Continually hath remedy at hand:
But not that torment that is like to this,
That in ſlow time, and Fortunes meanes dooth ſtand.

And if this ſorrow cannot be
Ended with life (at moſt:)
What then dooth this thing profit me,
A ſorrow wonne or loſt?

Yet all is one to me, as now I trie
a flattering hope, or that that had not been yet:
For if to day for want of it I die,
Next day I doo no leſſe for hauing ſeene it.

Faine would I die, to end and free
This greefe, that kills me moſt:

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If that is might be loſt with me,
Or die when life is loſt.

FINIS. *Ber. Yong.*

¶ Coridons *Song.*

A Blithe and bonny Country-Laſſe,
heigh hoe bonny-Laſſe,
Sate ſighing on the tender graſſe,
and weeping ſayd: will none come woo me?
A ſmicker Boy, a lither Swaine,
heigh hoe a ſmicker Swaine:
That in his loue was wanton faine,
with ſmiling lookes ſtraite came vnto her.

When as the wanton Wench eſpied,
heigh hoe when ſhe eſpied,
The meanes to make her ſelfe a Bride,
ſhe ſimpred ſmooth like bonnie-bell:
The Swaine that ſawe her ſquint-eyed kinde,
heigh hoe ſquint-eyed kinde,
His armes about her body twin'd
and ſayd, Faire Laſſe, how fare ye, well?

The Country-Kit ſayd, well forſooth,
heigh hoe well forſooth,
But that I haue a longing tooth,
a longing tooth that makes me crie:
Alas (ſaid he) what garres thy greeſe,
heigh hoe what garres thy greeſe?
A wound (quoth ſhe) without releeſe,
I feare a mayde that I ſhall die.

If that be all, the Sheepheard ſayd,
heigh hoe the Sheepheard ſayd,

Ile

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Ile make thee wiue it gentle Mayde,
and ſo recure thy maladie:
Heereon they kiſt with many an oath,
heigh hoe many an oath,
And fore God *Pan* did plight their troath,
ſo to the Church apace they hie.

And God ſend euery pretty peate,
heigh hoe the pretty peate,
That feares to die of this conceite,
ſo kind a friend to helpe at laſt:
Then Maydes ſhall neuer long againe,
heigh hoe to long againe,
When they finde eaſe for ſuch a paine,
thus my Roundelay is paſt.

FINIS. *Thom. Lodge.*

¶ *The Sheepheards Sonnet.*

MY faireſt Ganimede *diſdaine me not,*
Though ſillie Sheepheard I, preſume to loue thee,
Though my harſh Songs and Sonnets cannot moone thee:
Yet to thy beauty is my loue no blot:
Apollo, Ioue, *and many Gods beſide*
Diſdain'd not the name of Country Sheepheards Swaines,
Nor want we pleaſures, though we take ſome paines.
We liue contentedly: A thing call'd pride
Which ſo corrupts the Court and euery place,
(Each place I meane where learning is neglected,
And yet of late, euen learnings ſelfe's infected,)
I know not what it meanes in any caſe.
We onely (when Molorchus *gins to peepe,*
Learne for to fold, and to vnfold our Sheepe.

FINIS. *Rich. Barneſielde.*

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¶ Selvagia *and* Siluanus, *their Song to* Diana.

Sel. I See thee iolly Sheepheard merrie,
And firme thy faith, and ſound as a berrie.
Sil. Loue gaue me ioy, and Fortune gaue it,
As my deſire could wiſh to haue it.

Sel. What didſt thou wiſh, tell me (ſweete Louer,)
Whereby thou might'ſt ſuch ioy recouer?
Sil. To loue where loue ſhould be inſpired:
Since there's no more to be deſired.

Sel. In this great glory, and great gladnes,
Think'ſt thou to haue no touch of ſadnes?
Sil. Good Fortune gaue me not ſuch glorie:
To mock my Loue, or make me ſorrie.

Sel. If my firme loue I were denying,
Tell me, with ſighs would'ſt thou be dying?
Sil. Thoſe words (in ieaſt) to heare thee ſpeaking:
For very griefe this hart is breaking.

Sel. Yet would'ſt thou change, I pre-thee tell me,
In ſeeing one that did excell me?
Sil. O no, for how can I aſpire,
To more, then to mine owne deſire?

Sel. Such great affection doo'ſt thou beare me:
As by thy words thou ſeem'ſt to ſweare me?
Sil. Of thy deſerts, to which a debter
I am, thou maiſt demaund this better.

Sel. Sometimes me thinks, that I ſhould ſweare it,
Sometimes me thinks, thou ſhould'ſt not beare it.
Sil. Onely in this my hap dooth greeue me,
And my deſire, not to beleeue me.

Sel. Ima-

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Sel. Imagine that thou doo'ſt not loue mine,
But ſome braue beauty that's aboue mine.
Sil. To ſuch a thing (ſweete) doo not will me:
Where faming of the ſame dooth kill me.

Sel. I ſee thy firmeneſſe gentle Louer,
More then my beauty can diſcouer.
Sil. And my good fortune to be higher
Then my deſert, but not deſire.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

¶ Montanus *his Madrigal.*

IT was a Vallie gawdie greene,
Where *Dian* at the Fount was ſeene,
Greene it was,
And did paſſe
All other of *Dianaes* bowers,
In the pride of *Floraes* flowers.

A Fount it was that no Sunne ſees,
Cirkled in with Cipres trees,
Set ſo nie,
As *Phœbus* eye
Could not doo the Virgins ſcathe.
To ſee them naked when they bathe.

She ſate there all in white,
Colour fitting her delight,
Virgins ſo
Ought to goe:
For white in Armorie is plaſte
To be the colour that is chaſte.

Her taffata Caſſock you might ſee,
Tucked vp aboue her knee,

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Which did ſhow
There below
Legges as white as Whales bone,
So white and chaſt was neuer none.

Hard by her vpon the ground,
Sate her Virgins in a round,
Bathing their
Golden haire,
And ſinging all in notes hie:
Fie on *Venus* flattering eye.

Fie on Loue, it is a toy,
Cupid witleſſe, and a boy,
All his fires,
And deſires,
Are plagues that God ſent from on hie:
To peſter men with miſerie.

As thus the Virgins did diſdaine
Louers ioy and Louers paine,
Cupid nie
Did eſpie
Greeuing at *Dianaes* Song,
Slily ſtole theſe Maydes among.

His bowe of ſteele, darts of fire,
He ſhot amongſt them ſweete deſire,
Which ſtraite flies
In their eyes,
And at the entraunce made them ſtart,
For it ranne from eye to hart.

Calliſto ſtraite ſuppoſed *Ioue*,
Was faire and frollique for to loue.
Diana the,
Scap'd not free,
For well I wote heere-vpon,
She lou'd the Swaine *Endimion*.

Clicia

Clitia, Phabus, and *Chloris* eye
Thought none ſo faire as *Mercurie*.
Venus thus
Did diſcuſſe
By her Sonne in darts of fire:
None ſo chaſt to check deſire.

Dian roſe with all her Maydes,
Bluſhing thus at Loues braides,
With ſighs all
Shew their thrall,
And flinging thence, pronounc'd this ſaw:
What ſo ſtrong as Loues ſweete law?

FINIS. *Ro. Greene.*

¶ Aſtrophell *to* Stella, *his third Song.*

IF Orpheus *voyce had force to breathe ſuch muſiques loue*
Through pores of ſenceleſſe trees, as it could make them moue:
If ſtones good meaſure dauncd, the Thebane *walls to build*
To cadence of the tunes, which Amphyons *Lyre did yeeld:*
More cauſe a like effect at leaſt-wiſe bringeth,
O ſtones, ô trees, learne hearing, Stella *ſingeth.*

If Loue might ſweet'n ſo a boy of Sheepheards broode,
To make a Lyzard dull to taſt Loues daintie foode:
If Eagle fierce could ſo in Grecian Mayde delight,
As his light was her eyes, her death his endleſſe night:
Earth gaue that Loue, heau'n I trow Loue defineth,
O beaſts, ô birds, looke, Loue, loe, Stella *ſhineth.*

The birds, ſtones, and trees feele this, and feeling Loue,
And if the trees, nor ſtones ſtirre not the ſame to proue:

Nor

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Nor beasts, nor birds doe come vnto this blessed gaze,
Know, that small Loue is quicke, and great Loue doth amaze.
They are amaz'd, but you with reason armed,
O eyes, ô eares of men, how are you charmed?

FINIS. *S. Phil. Sidney.*

A Song betweene Syrenus *and* Syluanus.

Syrenus. *WHo hath of* Cupids *cates and dainties prayed,*
May feede his stomack with them at his pleasure:
If in his drinke some ea'e he hath assayed,
Then let him quench his thirsting without measure:
And if his weapons pleasant in their manner,
Let him embrace his standard and his banner.
For being free from him, and quite exempted:
Ioyfull I am, and proud, and well contented.

Syluanus. *Of* Cupids *daintie cates who hath not prayed,*
May be deprived of them at his pleasure:
If wormewood in his drinke he hath assayed,
Let him not quench his thirsting without measure:
And if his weapons in their cruell manner,
Let him abiure his standard and his banner:
For I not free from him, and not exempted,
Ioyfull I am, and proud, and well contented.

Syrenus. *Loue's so expert in giuing many a trouble,*
That now I know not why he should be praised:
He is so false, so changing, and so double,
That with great reason he must be dispraised.
Loue in the end is such a iarring passion,
That none should trust vnto his peeuish fashion,
For of all mischefe he's the onely Maister:
And to my good a torment and disaster.

Syluanus.

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Syluanus. *Loue's ſo expert in giuing ioy, not trouble,*
That now I know not but he ſhould be praiſed:
He is ſo true, ſo conſtant, neuer double,
That in my minde he ſhould not be diſpraiſed.
Loue in the end is ſuch a pleaſing paſſion,
That euery one may truſt vnto his faſhion.
For of all good he is the onely Maiſter:
And foe vnto my harmes, and my diſaſter.

Syrenus. *Not in theſe ſayings to be proou'd a lyer,*
He knowes that dooth not loue, nor is beloued:
Now nights and dayes I reſt, as I deſire,
After I had ſuch greefe from me remoued.
And cannot I be glad, ſince thus eſtraunged,
My ſelfe from fal'e Diana *I haue chaunged?*
Hence, hence, fal'e Loue, I will not entertaine thee:
Sunce to thy torments thou doo'ſt ſeeke to traine me.

Syluanus. *Not in theſe ſayings to be proou'd a lyer,*
He knowes that loues, and is againe beloued:
Now nights and dayes I reſt in ſweete deſire,
After I had ſuch happy fortune proued.
And cannot I be glad, ſince not eſtraunged,
My ſelfe into Seluagia *I haue chaunged?*
Come, come, good Loue, and I will entertaine thee:
Since to thy ſweete content thou ſeek'ſt to traine me.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

¶ Ceres *Song in emulation of* Cinthia.

SWell *Ceres* now, for other Gods are ſhrinking,
Pomona pineth,
Fruitleſſe her tree:
Faire *Phebus* ſhineth
Onely on me.

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Conceite dooth make me ſmile whilſt I am thinking,
How euery one dooth reade my ſtorie,
How euery bough on *Ceres* lowreth,
Cauſe heauen plenty on me powreth,
And they in leaues doo onely glorie,
All other Gods of power bereauen,
Ceres onely Queene of heauen.

With roabes and flowers let me be dreſſed,
Cinthia that ſhineth
Is not ſo cleare:
Cinthia declineth
When I appeare.
Yet in this Iſle ſhe raignes as bleſſed,
And euery one at her dooth wonder,
And in my eares ſtill fond fame whiſpers
Cinthia ſhall be *Ceres* Miſtres,
But firſt my Carre ſhall riue in ſunder.
Helpe *Phebus* helpe, my fall is ſuddaine:
Cinthia, Cinthia muſt be Soueraigne.

This Song was ſung before her Maieſtie, at Biſſam, the Lady Ruſſels, *in prograce. The Authors name vnknowne to me.*

¶ *A Paſtorall Ode to an honourable friend.*

AS to the blooming prime,
Bleake Winter being fled:
From compaſſe of the clime,
Where Nature lay as dead,
The Riuers dull'd with time,
The greene leaues withered,
Freſh *Zephyrs* (the Weſterne brethren) be:
So th'honour of your fauour is to me.

For

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For as the Plaines reuiue,
And put on youthfull greene:
As plants begin to thriue,
That diſaſtr'd had beene:
And Arbours now aliue,
In former pompe are ſeene.
So if my Spring had any flowers before:
Your breathes *Fauonius* hath encreaſt the ſtore.

FINIS. E. B.

¶ *A Nimphs diſdaine of Loue.*

HEy downe a downe did *Dian* ſing,
amongſt her Virgins ſitting:
Then loue there is no vainer thing,
for Maydens moſt vnfitting,
And ſo think I, with a downe downe derrie.

VVhen women knew no woe,
but liu'd them-ſelues to pleaſe:
Mens fayning guiles they did not know,
the ground of their diſeaſe.
Vnborne was falſe ſuſpect,
no thought of iealouſie:
From wanton toyes and fond affect,
the Virgins life was free.
Hey downe a downe did *Dian* ſing &c.

At length men vſed charmes,
to which what Maides gaue eare:
Embracing gladly endleſſe harmes,
anone enthralled were.
Thus women welcom'd woe,
diſguis'd in name of loue:
A iealous hell, a painted ſhow,
ſo ſhall they finde that proue.

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Hey downe a downe did *Diana* ſing,
amongſt her Virgins ſitting:
Then loue there is no vainer thing,
for Maydens moſt vnfitting.
And ſo thinke I, with a downe downe derrie.

FINIS. *Ignoto.*

¶ Apollos *Loue-Song for faire* Dapline.

MY hart and tongue were twinnes at once conceaued,
The eldeſt was my hart, borne dumbe by deſtinie:
The laſt my tongue, of all ſweet thoughts bereaued,
Yet ſtrung and tun'd, to play harts harmonie.
Both knit in one, and yet a-ſunder placed.
What hart would ſpeake, the tongue dooth ſtill diſcouer:
What tongue dooth ſpeake, is of the hart embraced,
And both are one, to make a new-found Louer.
New-found, and onely found in Gods and Kings,
Whoſe words are deedes, but deedes nor words regarded:
Chaſt thoughts doo mount, and flie with ſwifteſt wings,
My loue with paine, my paine with loſſe rewarded.
Engraue vpon this tree *Daphnes* perfection:
That neither men nor Gods can force affection.

This Ditty was ſung before her Maieſtie, at the right honourable the Lord Chandos, *at* Sudley *Caſtell, at her laſt being there in prograce. The Author thereof vnknowne.*

¶ The

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of The Shepheard Delicius *his Ditie.*

NEuer a greater foe did Loue diſdaine,
Or trode on graſſe ſo gay,
Nor Nimph greene leaues with whiter hand hath rent,
More golden haire the wind did neuer blow,
Nor fairer Dame hath bound in white attire,
Or hath in Lawne more gracious features tied,
Then my ſweete Enemie.

Beautie and chaſtitie one place refraine,
In her beare equall ſway:
Filling the world with wonder and content.
But they doo giue me paine and double woe,
Since loue and beautie kindled my deſire,
And cruell chaſtitie from me denied
All ſence of iollitie.

There is no Roſe, nor Lillie after raine,
Nor flower in moneth of May,
Nor pleaſant meade, nor greene in Sommer ſent,
That ſeeing them, my minde delighteth ſo,
As that faire flower which all the heauens admire,
Spending my thoughts on her, in whom abide
All grace and gifts on hie.

Me thinks my heauenly Nimph I ſee againe
Her neck and breaſt diſplay:
Seeing the whiteſt Ermine to frequent
Some plaine, or flowers that make the faireſt ſhow.
O Gods, I neuer yet beheld her nier,
Or farre, in ſhade, or Sunne, that ſatisfied
I was in paſſing by.

The Meade, the Mount, the Riuer, Wood, and Plaine,
With all their braue array,
Yeeld not ſuch ſweete, as that faire face that's bent

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Sorrowes and ioy in each ſoule to beſtow
In equall parts, procur'd by amorous fire
Beauty and Loue in her their force haue tried,
to blind each humane eye.

Each wicked mind and will, which wicked vice dooth ſtaine,
her vertues breake and ſlay:
All ayres infect by ayre are purg'd and ſpent,
Though of a great foundation they did grow.
O body, that ſo braue a ſoule doo'ſt hire,
And bleſſed ſoule, whoſe vertues euer pried
aboue the ſtarrie skie.

Onely for her my life in ioyes I traine
my ſoule ſings many a Lay:
Muſing on her, new Seas I doo inuent
Of ſoueraigne ioy, wherein with pride I rowe.
The deſerts for her ſake I doo require,
For without her, the Springs of ioy are dried
and that I doo defie.

Sweete Fate, that to a noble deede doo'ſt ſtraine,
and lift my hart to day:
Sealing her there with glorious ornament,
Sweete ſeale, ſweete greefe, and ſweeteſt ouerthrowe.
Sweete miracle, whoſe fame cannot expire,
Sweete wound, and golden ſhaft, that ſo eſpied
ſuch heauenly companie
Of beauties graces in ſweete vertues died,
As like were neuer in ſuch yeares deſcried.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

¶ Amintas

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¶ Amintas *for his* Phillis.

AVrora *now began to riſe againe,*
From watry couch, and from old Tithons *ſide:*
In hope to kiſſe vpon Acteian *plaine,*
Young Cephalus, *and through the golden glade*
On Eaſterne coaſt he caſt ſo great a light,
That Phœbus *thought it time to make retire*
From Thetis *bower, wherein he ſpent the night,*
To light the world againe with heauenly fire.

No ſooner gan his winged Steedes to chaſe
The Stigian night, mantled with duskie vale:
But poore Amintas *haſteth him a pace,*
In deſerts thus, to weepe a wofull tale.
You ſilent ſhades, and all that dwell therein,
As birds, or beaſts, or wormes that creepe on ground:
Diſpoſe your ſelues to teares, while I begin
To rue the greeſe of mine eternall wound.

And dolefull ghoſts, whoſe nature flies the light,
Come ſeate your ſelues with me on euery ſide:
And while I due for want of my delight,
I ament the woes through fancie me betide.
Phillis *is dead, the marke of my deſire,*
My cauſe of loue, and ſhipwrack of my ioyes,
Phillis *is gone that ſet my hart on fire,*
That clad my thoughts with ruinous annoyes.

Phillis *is fled, and bides I wote not where,*
Phillis *(alas) the praiſe of woman-kinde:*
Phillis *the Sunne of this our Hemiſphere,*
Whoſe beames made me, and many others blinde.
But blinded me (poore Swaine) aboue the reſt,
That like olde Oedipus *I liue in thrall:*
Still feele the woorſt, and neuer hope the beſt,
My mirth in moane, and honey drown'd in gall.

Her

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Her faire, but cruell eyes, bewitcht my ſight,
Her ſweete, but fading ſpeech enthrall'd my thoughts:
And in her deedes I reaped ſuch delight,
As brought both will and libertie to nought.
Therefore all hope of happines adieu,
Adieu deſire the ſource of all my care:
Deſpaire tells me, my weale will neere renue,
Till thou my ſoule dooth paſſe in Charons *Crare.*

Meane time my minde muſt ſuffer Fortunes ſcorne,
My thoughts ſtill wound, like wounds that ſtill are greene:
My weakened limbs be layd on beds of thorne,
My life decayes, although my death's fore-ſeene.
Mine eyes, now eyes no more, but Seas of teares,
Weepe on your fill, to coole my burning breſt:
Where loue did place deſire, twixt hope and feares,
(I ſay) deſire, the Authour of vnreſt.

And would to God, Phillis *where ere thou be,*
Thy ſoule did ſee the ſower of mine eſtate:
My ioyes eeclips'd, for onely want of thee
My being with my ſelfe at ſtrife debate.
My humble vowes, my ſufferance of woe,
My ſobs and ſighs, and euer-watching eyes:
My plaintiue teares, my wandring to and fro,
My will to die, my neuer-ceaſing cries.

No doubt but theſe ſorrowes would perſwade,
The doome of death, to cut my vitall twiſt:
That I with thee amidſt th'infernall ſhade,
And thou with me might ſport vs as we liſt.
Oh if thou waite on faire Proſerpines *traine,*
And heareſt Orpheus *neere th'Elizian ſprings:*
Entreate thy Queene to free thee thence againe,
And let the Thracian *guide thee with his ſtringe.*

FINIS. *Tho. Watſon.*

¶ Faultes

¶ Faustus *and* Firmius *sing to their Nimph by turnes.*

Firmius. OF mine owne selfe I doo complaine,
And not for louing thee so much,
But that in deede thy power is such:
That my true loue it dooth restraine,
And onely this dooth giue me paine.
For faine I would
Loue her more, if that I could.

Faustus. Thou doo'st obserue who dooth not see,
To be belou'd a great deale more:
But yet thou shalt not finde such store.
Of loue in others as in me:
For all I haue I giue to thee.
Yet faine I would
Loue thee more, if that I could.

Firmius. O trie no other Sheepheard Swaine,
And care not other loues to proue,
Who though they giue thee all their loue:
Thou canst not such as mine obtaine.
And would'st thou haue in loue more gaine?
O yet I would
Loue thee more, if that I could.

Faustus. Impossible it is (my friend)
That any one should me excell
In loue, whose loue I will refell,
If that with me he will contend:
My loue no equall hath, nor end.
And yet I would
Loue her more, if that I could.

Firmius. Behold how Loue my soule hath charm'd,
Since first thy beauties I did see,
(Which is but little yet to me,)

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My freest sences I haue harm'd
(To loue thee) leauing them vnarm'd:
And yet I would
Loue thee more, if that I could.

Faustus. I euer gaue, and giue thee still
Such store of loue, as Loue hath lent me:
And therefore well thou maist content thee,
That Loue dooth so enrich my fill:
But now behold my cheefest will,
That faine I would
Loue thee more, if that I could.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

¶ Sireno *a Sheepheard, hauing a lock of his faire Nimphs haire, wrapt about with greene silke, mournes thus in a Loue-Dittie.*

WHat chang's heere, ô haire,
I see since I saw you?
How ill fits you this greene to weare,
For hope the colour due?
In deede I well did hope,
Though hope were mixt with feare:
No other Sheepheard should haue scope
Once to approach this heare.

Ah haire, how many dayes,
My *Dian* made me show,
With thousand prettie childish playes,
If I ware you or no?
Alas, how oft with teares,
(Oh teares of guilefull brest:)
She seemed full of iealous feares,
Whereat I did but iest?

Tell

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Tell me ô haire of gold,
If I then faultie be:
That truſt thoſe killing eyes I would,
Since they did warrant me?
Haue you not ſeene her moode,
What ſtreames of teares ſhe ſpent:
Till that I ſware my faith ſo ſtoode,
As her words had it bent?

Who hath ſuch beautie ſeene,
In one that changeth ſo?
Or where one loues, ſo conſtant beene,
Who euer ſaw ſuch woe?
Ah haires, you are not greeu'd,
To come from whence you be:
Seeing how once you ſaw I liu'd,
To ſee me as you ſee.

On ſandie banke of late,
I ſaw this woman ſit:
Where, *Sooner die then change my ſtate,*
She with her finger writ.
Thus my beleefe was ſtay'd,
Behold Loues mighty hand
On things, were by a woman ſay'd,
And written in the ſand.

Tranſlated by S. Phil. Sidney, *out of* Diana *of* Montmaior.

¶ *A Song betweene* Tauriſius *and* Diana, *anſwering verſe for verſe.*

Tauriſius. THe cauſe why that thou doo'ſt denie
To looke on me, ſweete foe impart?
Diana. Becauſe that dooth not pleaſe the eye.
Which dooth offend and greeue the hart.

R. 2. *Tauriſius.*

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Tauriſius. What woman is, or euer was,
That when ſhe looketh, could be mou'd?
Diana. She that reſolues her life to paſſe,
Neyther to loue, nor to be lou'd.
Tauriſius. There is no hart ſo fierce and hard.
That can ſo much torment a ſoule:
Diana. Not Sheepheard of ſo ſmall regard,
That reaſon will ſo much controule.
Tauriſius. How falls it out Loue dooth not kill
Thy cruelty with ſome remorce?
Diana. Becauſe that Loue is but a will,
And free-will dooth admit no force.
Tauriſius. Behold what reaſon now thou haſt,
To remedie my louing ſmart:
Diana. The very ſame bindes me as faſt,
To keepe ſuch daunger from my hart.
Tauriſius. Why doo'ſt thou thus torment my minde,
And to what end thy beautie keepe?
Diana. Becauſe thou call'ſt me ſtill vnkinde,
And pittileſſe when thou doo'ſt weepe.
Tauriſius. Is it becauſe thy cruelty
In killing me dooth neuer end?
Diana. Nay, for becauſe I meane thereby,
My hart from ſorrow to defend.
Tauriſius. Be bold ſo foule I am no way
As thou doo'ſt think, faire Sheepheardeſſe:
Diana. With this content thee, that I ſay,
That I beleeue the ſame no leſſe.
Tauriſius. What, after giuing me ſuch ſtore
Of paſſions, doo'ſt thou mock me too?
Diana. If anſweres thou wilt any more.
Goe ſeeke them without more adoo.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

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¶ *Another Song before her Maieſtie at Oxford, ſung by a comely Sheepheard, attended on by ſundrie other Sheepheards and Nimphs.*

HEarbs, words, and ſtones, all maladies haue cured,
Hearbs words, and ſtones, I vſed when I loued:
Hearbs ſmells, words winde, ſtones hardnes haue procured,
By ſtones, nor words, nor hearbs her mind was moued.
I ask'd the cauſe: this was a womans reaſon,
Mongſt hearbs are weedes, and thereby are refuſed:
Deceite as well as trueth ſpeakes words in ſeaſon,
Falſe ſtones by foiles haue many one abuſed.
I ſigh'd, and then ſhe ſayd, my fancie ſmoaked,
I gaz'd, ſhe ſayd, my lookes were follies glauncing:
I ſounded dead, ſhe ſayd, my loue was choaked,
I ſtarted vp, ſhe ſayd, my thoughts were dauncing.
Oh ſacred Loue, if thou haue any Godhead:
Teach other rules to winne a maydenhead.

FINIS. *Anonimus.*

¶ *The Sheepheards Song: a Caroll or Himne for Chriſtmas.*

SWeete Muſique, ſweeter farre
Then any Song is ſweete:
Sweete Muſique heauenly rare,
Mine eares (ô peeres) dooth greete.
You gentle flocks, whoſe fleeces pearl'd with dewe,
Reſemble heauen, whom golden drops make bright:
Liſten, ô liſten, now, ô not to you
Our pipes make ſport to ſhorten wearie night,
But voyces moſt diuine,
Make blisfull Harmonie:
Voyces that ſeeme to ſhine,
For what elſe cleares the skie?

R. 3. Tunes

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Tunes can we heare, but not the Singers see:
The tunes diuine, and so the Singers be.

Loe how the firmament,
Within an azure fold:
The flock of starres hath pent,
That we might them behold.
Yet from their beames proceedeth not this light,
Nor can their Christalls such reflection giue:
What then dooth make the Element so bright?
The heauens are come downe vpon earth to liue.
But harken to the Song,
Glorie to glories King:
And peace all men among,
These Quiristers doo sing.
Angels they are, as also (Sheepheards) hee,
Whom in our feare we doo admire to see.

Let not amazement blinde
Your soules (said he) annoy:
To you and all mankinde,
My message bringeth ioy.
For loe the worlds great Sheepheard now is borne
A blessed Babe, an Infant full of power:
After long night, vp-risen is the morne,
Renowning *Bethlem* in the Sauiour.
Sprung is the perfect day,
By Prophets seene a farre:
Sprung is the mirthfull May,
Which Winter cannot marre.
In *Dauids* Cittie dooth this Sunne appeare:
Clouded in flesh, yet Sheepheards sit we heere.

FINIS. E. B.

¶ Arsileus

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¶ Arſileus *his Carroll, for ioy of the new mariage, betweene* Syrenus *and* Diana.

LEt now each Meade with flowers be depainted,
Of ſundry colours ſweeteſt odours glowing:
Roſes yeeld foorth your ſmells ſo finely tainted,
Calme winds the greene leaues mooue with gentle blowing,
The Chriſtall Riuers flowing
With waters be encreaſed:
And ſince each one from ſorrow now hath ceaſed,
From mournfull plaints and ſadnes.
Ring foorth faire Nimphs your ioyfull Soñgs for gladnes.

Let Springs and Meades all kinde of ſorrow baniſh,
And mournfull harts the teares that they are bleeding:
Let gloomie cloudes with ſhining morning vaniſh,
Let euery bird reioyce that now is breeding.
And ſince by new proceeding,
With mariage now obtained,
A great content by great contempt is gained,
And you deuoyd of ſadnes,
Ring foorth faire Nimphs your ioyfull Songs for gladnes.

Who can make vs to change our firme deſires,
And ſoule to leaue her ſtrong determination,
And make vs freeze in Ice, and melt in fires,
And niceſt harts to loue with emulation,
Who rids vs from vexation,
And all our minds commaundeth?
But great *Felicia*, that his might withſtandeth,
That fill'd our harts with ſadnes,
Ring foorth faire Nimphs your ioyfull Songs for gladnes.

Your fields with their diſtilling fauours cumber
(Bridegroome and happy Bride) each heauenly power
Your flocks, with double Lambs encreas'd in number,
May neuer taſt vnſauorie graſſe and ſower.

The

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The Winters froſt and ſhower
Your Kids (your pretie pleaſure)
May neuer hurt, and bleſt with ſo much treaſure,
To driue away all ſadnes:
Ring foorth faire Nimphs your ioyfull Songs for gladnes.

Of that ſweete ioy delight you with ſuch meaſure,
Betweene you both faire iſſue to engender:
Longer then *Neſtor* may you liue in pleaſure.
The Gods to you ſuch ſweete content ſurrender,
That may make mild and tender,
The beaſts in euery mountaine,
And glad the fields, and woods, and euery Fountaine,
Abiuring former ſadnes,
Ring foorth faire Nimphs your ioyfull Songs for gladnes.

Let amorous birds with ſweeteſt notes delight you,
Let gentle winds refreſh you with their blowing:
Let fields and Forreſts with their good requite you,
And *Flora* decke the ground where you are going.
Roſes and Violets ſtrowing,
The Iaſmine and the Gilliflower,
With many more, and neuer in your bower,
To taſt of houſhold ſadnes:
Ring foorth faire Nimphs your ioyfull Songs for gladnes.

Concord and peace hold you for aye contented,
And in your ioyfull ſtate liue you ſo quiet:
That with the plague of iealouſie tormented
You may not be, nor fed with Fortunes diet.
And that your names may flie yet,
To hills vnknowne with glorie.
But now becauſe my breaſt ſo hoarce, and ſorrie
It faints, may reſt from ſinging:
End Nimphs your Songs, that in the clouds are ringing.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

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¶ Philiſtus *farewell to falſe* Clorinda.

Clorinda falſe adiew, thy loue torments me:
Let *Thirſis* haue thy hart, ſince he contents thee.
Oh greefe and bitter anguiſh,
For thee I languiſh,
Faine I (alas) would hide it,
Oh, but who can abide it?
I can, I cannot I abide it.
Adiew, adiew then,
Farewell,
Leaue my death now deſiring:
For thou haſt thy requiring.
Thus ſpake *Philiſtus*, on his hooke relying:
And ſweetly fell a dying.

FINIS. *Out of M.* Morleyes *Madrigalls.*

¶ Roſalindes *Madrigall.*

LOue in my boſome like a Bee,
dooth ſuck his ſweete:
Now with his wings he playes with me,
now with his feete.
Within mine eyes he makes his neſt,
His bed amidſt my tender breſt,
My kiſſes are his daily feaſt,
And yet he robs me of my reſt.
Ah wanton will ye?

And if I ſleepe, then pierceth he,
with prettie ſlight:
And makes his pillow of my knee,
the liue-long night.
Strike I my Lute, he tunes the ſtring,

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He muſique playes if I but ſing,
He lends me euery louely thing,
Yet cruell he my hart dooth ſtung.
Whiſt wanton, ſtill ye.

Elſe I with Roſes euery day
will whip ye hence:
And binde ye when ye long to play,
for your offence.
Ile ſhut mine eyes to keepe ye in,
Ile make you faſt it for your ſinne,
Ile count your power not woorth a pin.
Alas, what heereby ſhall I winne
If he gaine-ſay me?

What if I beate the wanton boy
with many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
becauſe a God.
Then ſit thou ſafely on my knee,
And let thy bower my boſome be:
Lurke in mine eyes, I like of thee:
O *Cupid*, ſo thou pitty me,
Spare not, but play thee.

FINIS. *Thom. Lodge.*

A Dialogue Song betweene Syluanus *and* Arſilius.

Syl. SHeepheard, why doo'ſt thou hold thy peace?
Sing, and thy ioy to vs report:
Arſil. My ioy good Sheepheard) ſhould be leſſe,
If it were told in any ſort.
Syl. Though ſuch great fauours thou doo'ſt winne,
Yet daigne thereof to tell ſome part:
Arſil. The hardeſt thing is to begin,
In enterprizes of ſuch Art.

Syl. Come

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I can, I cannot I abide it.
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In enterprizes of ſuch Art.

Syl. Come

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Syl. Come make an end, no cauſe omit,
Of all the ioyes that thou art in:
Arſil. How ſhould I make an end of it,
That am not able to begin?
Syl. It is not iuſt, we ſhould conſent,
That thou ſhould'ſt not thy ioyes recite:
Arſil. The ſoule that felt the puniſhment,
Dooth only feele this great delight.
Syl. That ioy is ſmall, and nothing fine,
That is not told abroade to manie:
Arſil. If it be ſuch a ioy as mine,
It neuer can neuer be told to anie.
Syl. How can this hart of thine containe
A ioy, that is of ſuch great force?
Arſil. I haue it, where I did retaine
My paſſions of ſo great remorce.
Syl. So great and rare a ioy is this,
No man is able to with-hold:
Arſil. But greater that a pleaſure is,
The leſſe it may with words be told.
Syl. Yet haue I heard thee heeretofore,
Thy ioyes in open Songs report:
Arſil. I ſaid I had of ioy ſome ſtore,
But not how much, nor in what ſort.
Syl. Yet when a ioy is in exceſſe,
It ſelfe it will oft-times vnfold:
Arſil. Nay, ſuch a ioy would be the leſſe,
If but a word thereof were told.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

¶ Montanus *Sonnet.*

When the dogge
Full of rage
With his irefull eyes
Frownes amidſt the skies:

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The Sheepheard to aſſwage
The furie of the heate,
Him ſelfe dooth ſafely ſeate
By a Fount
Full of faire,
Where a gentle breath
Mounting from beneath,
tempereth the ayre.
There his flocks
Drinke their fill,
And with eaſe repoſe,
While ſweet ſleepe doth cloſe
Eyes from toyling ill,
But I burne,
Without reſt,
No defenſiue power
Shields from *Phœbus* lower,
ſorrow is my beſt.
Gentle Loue
Lower no more,
If thou wilt inuade
In the ſecret ſhade,
Labour not ſo ſore
I my ſelfe
And my flocks,
They their Loue to pleaſe,
I my ſelfe to eaſe,
Both leaue the ſhadie Oakes,
Content to burne in fire,
Sith Loue dooth ſo deſire.

FINIS. S. E. D.

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Syl. Come make an end, no cauſe omit,
Of all the ioyes that thou art in:
Arſil. How ſhould I make an end of it,
That am not able to begin?
Syl. It is not iuſt, we ſhould conſent,
That thou ſhould'ſt not thy ioyes recite:
Arſil. The ſoule that felt the puniſhment,
Dooth onely feele this great delight.
Syl. That ioy is ſmall, and nothing fine,
That is not told abroade to manie:
Arſil. If it be ſuch a ioy as mine,
It neuer can neuer be told to manie.
Syl. How can this hart of thine containe
A ioy, that is of ſuch great force?
Arſil. I haue it, where I did retaine
My paſſions of ſo great remorce.
Syl. So great and rare a ioy is this,
No man is able to with-hold:
Arſil. But greater that a pleaſure is,
The leſſe it may with words be told.
Syl. Yet haue I heard thee heeretofore,
Thy ioyes in open Songs report:
Arſil. I ſaid, I had of ioy ſome ſtore,
But not how much, nor in what ſort.
Syl. Yet when a ioy is in exceſſe,
It ſelfe it will oft-times vnfold:
Arſil. Nay, ſuch a ioy would be the leſſe,
If but a word thereof were told.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

¶ Montanus *Sonnet.*

WHen the dogge
Full of rage
With his irefull eyes
Frownes amidſt the skies:

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The furie of the heate,
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By a Fount
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Lower no more,
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Labour not ſo ſore
I my ſelfe
And my flocks,
They their Loue to pleaſe,
I my ſelfe to eaſe,
Both leaue the ſhadie Oakes,
Content to burne in fire,
Sith Loue dooth ſo deſire.

FINIS. S. *E. D.*

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¶ The Nimph Selnagia *her Song.*

SHeepheard, who can paſſe ſuch wrong,
And a life in woes ſo deepe?
Which to liue is to too long,
As it is too ſhort to weepe.

Greeuous ſighs in vaine I waſt,
Leeſing my affiance, and
I perceaue my hope at laſt
with a candle in the hand.

What time then to hope among
bitter hopes, that neuer ſleepe?
When this life is to too long,
as it is too ſhort to weepe.

This greefe which I feele ſo rife,
(wretch) I doo deſerue as hire:
Since I came to put my life
in the hands of my deſire.

Then ceaſe not my complaints ſo ſtrong,
for (though life her courſe dooth keepe:)
It is not to liue ſo long,
as it is too ſhort to weepe.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

¶ The Heard-mans happie life.

WHat pleaſure haue great Princes,
more daintie to their choice,
Then Heardmen wilde, who careleſſe,
in quiet life reioyce?

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And Fortunes Fate not fearing,
Sing ſweet in Sommer morning.

Their dealings plaine and rightfull
are voide of all deceite:
They neuer know how ſpightfull,
it is to kneele and waite;
On fauourite preſumptuous,
Whoſe pride is vaine and ſumptuous.

All day their flocks each tendeth,
at night they take their reſt:
More quiet then who ſendeth
his ſhip into the Eaſt;
Where gold and pearle are plentie,
But getting very daintie.

For Lawyers and their pleading,
they'ſteeme it not a ſtraw:
They thinke that honeſt meaning,
is of it ſelfe a law;
Where conſcience iudgeth plainely,
They ſpend no money vainely.

Oh happy who thus liueth,
not caring much for gold:
With cloathing which ſuffiſeth,
to keepe him from the cold.
Though poore and plaine his diet:
Yet merrie it is and quiet.

FINIS. *Out of M.* Birds *ſet Songs.*

Cinthia

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¶ Cinthia *the Nimph, her Song to faire* Polydora.

NEere to the Riuer banks, with greene
And pleaſant trees on euery ſide,
Where freeſt minds would moſt haue beene,
That neuer felt braue *Cupids* pride,
To paſſe the day and tedious howers:
Amongſt thoſe painted meades and flowers.

A certaine Sheepheard full of woe,
Syrenus call'd, his flocks did feede:
Not ſorrowfull in outward ſhow,
But troubled with ſuch greeſe indeede,
As cruell Loue is wont t'impare
Vnto a painefull louing hart.

This Sheepheard euery day did die,
For loue he to *Diana* bare:
A Sheepheardeſſe ſo fine perdie,
So liuely, young, and paſſing faire,
Excelling more in beauties feature:
Then any other humane creature.

VVho had not any thing of all
She had, but was extreame in her,
For meanely wiſe none might her call,
Nor meanely faire, for he did erre
If ſo he did: but ſhould deuiſe
Her name of paſſing faire and wiſe.

Fauours on him ſhe did beſtow,
Which if ſhe had not, then be ſure
He might haue ſuffered all that woe
Which afterward he did endure
When he was gone, with leſſer paine:
And at his comming home againe.

For

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For when indeede the hart is free
From ſuffering paine or torments ſmart;
If wiſedome dooth not ouer-ſee
And beareth not the greateſt part;
The ſmalleſt greefe and care of minde:
Dooth make it captiue to their kinde.

Neere to a Riuer ſwift and great,
That famous *Ezla* had to name:
The carefull Sheepheard did repeate
The feares he had by abſence blame,
Which he ſuſpect where he did keepe:
And feede his gentle Lambs and Sheepe.

And now ſometimes he did behold
His Sheepheardeſſe, that there about
Was on the mountaines of that old
And auncient *Leon*, ſeeking out
From place to place the paſtures beſt:
Her Lambs to feede, her ſelfe to reſt.

And ſometime muſing, as he lay,
When on thoſe hills ſhe was not ſeene:
Was thinking of that happie day,
When *Cupid* gaue him ſuch a Queene
Of beautie, and ſuch cauſe of ioy:
Wherein his minde he did imploy.

Yet ſayd (poore man) when he did ſee
Him ſelfe ſo ſunke in ſorrowes pit:
The good that Loue hath giuen me,
I onely doo imagine it,
Becauſe this neereſt harme and trouble:
Heereafter I ſhould ſuffer double.

The Sunne for that it did decline,
The careleſſe man did not offend
With fierie beames, which ſcarce did ſhine,

But

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But that which did of loue depend,
And in his hart did kindle fire:
Of greater flames and hote desire.

Him did his passions all inuite,
The greene leaues blowne with gentle winde:
Christaline streames with their delight,
And Nightingales were not behinde,
To helpe him in his louing verse:
Which to himselfe he did rehearse.

FINIS. Bar. Yong.

¶ The Sheepheard to the flowers.

SWeete Violets (Loues Paradise) that spread
Your gracious odours, which you couched beare
Within your palie faces:
Vpon the gentle wing of some calme-breathing-winde
That playes amidst the Plaine,
If by the fauour of propitious starres you gaine
Such grace as in my Ladies bosome place to finde:
Be proude to touch those places.
And when her warmth your moysture foorth doth weare,
Whereby her daintie parts are sweetly fed:
Your honours of the flowrie Meades I pray,
You prettie daughters of the earth and Sunne:
With mild and seemely breathing straite display
My bitter sighs, that haue my hart vndone.

Vermilion Roses, that with new dayes rise
Display your crimson folds fresh looking faire,
Whose radiant bright, disgraces
The rich adorned rayes of roseate rising morne,
Ah if her Ivorins hand
Doo pluck your pure, ere Phœbus view the land,

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And vaile your gracious pompe in lowely Natures ſeruo.
If chaunce my Miſtres traces
Faſt by your flowers to take the Sommers ayre:
Then wofull blaſhing tempt her glorious eyes,
To ſpread their teares, Adonis death reporting,
And tell Loues torments, ſorrowing for her friend:
Whoſe drops of blood within your leaues conſorting,
Report faire Venus moanes to haue no end.
Then may remorce, in pitying of my ſmart:
Driue vp my teares, and dwell within her hart.

FINIS. *Ignoto.*

Of The Sheepheard Arſilius, his Song to his Rebeck.

NOw Loue and Fortune turne to me againe,
And now each one enforceth and aſſures
A hope, that was diſmayed, dead, and vaine:
And from the harbour of miſhaps aſſures
A hart that is conſum'd in burning fire,
With vnexpected gladnes, that admires
My ſoule to lay a-ſide her mourning tire;
And ſences to prepare a place for ioy,
Care in obliuion endleſſe ſhall expire.
For euery greefe of that extreame annoy,
Which when my torment raign'd, my ſoule (alas)
Did feele, the which long abſence did deſtroy,
Fortune ſo well appayes, that neuer was
So great the torment of my paſſed ill:
As is the ioy of this ſame good I paſſe.
Returne my hart, ſurſaulted with the fill
Of thouſand great vnreſts, and thouſand feares:
Enioy thy good eſtate, if that thou will,
And wearied eyes, leaue off your burning teares,
For ſoone you ſhall behold her with delight,
For whom my ſpoiles with glorie *Cupid* beares.

Sances

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Sences which ſeeke my ſtarre ſo cleare and bright,
By making here and there your thoughts eſtray?
Tell me, what will you feele before her ſight?
Hence ſolitarineſſe, torments away,
Felt for her ſake, and wearied members caſt
Of all your paine, redeem'd this happie day.
O ſtay not time, but paſſe with ſpeedie haſt,
And Fortune hinder not her comming now,
O God, betides me yet this greefe at laſt?
Come my ſweete Sheepheardeſſe, the life which thou
(Perhaps) didſt thinke was ended long agoe,
At thy commaund is readie ſtill to bow.
Comes not my Sheepheardeſſe defired ſo?
O God, what if ſhe's loſt, or if ſhe ſtray
Within this vvood, where trees ſo thick doo grow?
Or if this Nimph that lately went away,
Perhaps forgot to goe and ſeeke her out:
No, no, in (her) obliuion neuer lay.
Thou onely art my Sheepheardeſſe, about
Whoſe thoughts my ſoule ſhall finde her ioy and reſt:
Why comm'ſt not then to aſſure it from doubt?
O ſeeſt thou not the Sunne paſſe to the Weſt?
And if it paſſe, and I behold thee not:
Then I my wonted torments will requeſt
And thou ſhalt waile my hard and heauie lot.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

Another of Aſtrophell *to his* Stella.

IN a Groaue moſt rich of ſhade,
Where birds wanton muſique made;
May, then young, his pyed weedes ſhowing,
New perfum'd, with flowers freſh growing.
Aſtrophell with *Stella* ſweete,
Did for mutuall comfort meete

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Both within them-ſelues oppreſſed,
But each in the other bleſſed.
Him great harmes had taught much care,
Her faire necke a foule yoake bare:
But her ſight his cares did banish,
In his ſight her yoake did vaniſh.
Wept they had, alas the while,
But now teares them-ſelues did ſmile.
While their eyes by Loue directed,
Enterchangeably reflected.
Sigh they did, but now betwixt,
Sighs of woes, were glad ſighs mixt,
With armes croſt, yet teſtifying
Reſtleſſe reſt, and liuing dying.
Their eares hungry of each word,
Which the deare tongue would afford,
But their tongues reſtrain'd from walking,
Till their harts had ended talking.
But when their tongues could not ſpeake,
Loue it ſelfe did ſilence breake,
Loue did ſet his lips a-ſunder,
Thus to ſpeake in loue and wonder.
Stella, Soueraigne of my ioy,
Faire triumpher of annoy,
Stella, ſtarre of heauenly fire,
Stella, Loadſtarre of deſire.
Stella, in whoſe ſhining eyes,
Are the lights of *Cupids* skies,
Whoſe beames where they once are darted,
Loue there-with is ſtraite imparted.
Stella, whoſe voyce when it ſpeakes,
Senſes all a-ſunder breakes.
Stella, whoſe voyce when it ſingeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.
Stella, in whoſe body is
Writ each Character of bliſſe,
Whoſe face all, all beauty paſſeth,
Saue thy minde, which it ſurpaſſeth.

Graunt,

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Graunt, ô graunt: but ſpeech alas
Failes me, fearing on to paſſe.
Graunt, ô me, what am I ſaying?
But no fault there is in praying.
Graunt (ô deere) on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground he then did ſtay)
That not I, but ſince I loue you,
Time and place for me may moeue you.
Neuer ſeaſon was more fit,
Neuer roome more apt for it.
Smiling ayre alowes my reaſon,
The birds ſing, now vſe the ſeaſon.
This ſmall winde, which ſo ſweete is,
See how it the leaues dooth kiſſe,
Each tree in his beſt attyring
Sence of loue to loue inſpiring.
Loue makes earth the water drinke,
Loue to earth makes water ſinke:
And if dumbe things be ſo wittie,
Shall a heauenly grace want pittie?
There his hands in their ſpeech, faine
Would haue made tongues language plaine.
But her hands, his hands repelling:
Gaue repulſe, all grace excelling.
Then ſhe ſpake; her ſpeech was ſuch,
As not eares, but hart did touch:
While ſuch wiſe ſhe loue denied,
As yet loue ſhe ſignified.
Aſtrophell, ſaid ſhe, my Loue,
Ceaſe in theſe effects to proue.
Now be ſtill, yet ſtill beleeue me,
Thy greefe more then death dooth greeue me.
If that any thought in me,
Can taſt comfort but of thee,
Let me feede with helliſh anguiſh,
Ioyleſſe, helpleſſe, endleſſe languiſh.
If thoſe eyes you praiſed, be
Halfe ſo deere as you to me:

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Let me home returne ſtarke blinded
Of thoſe eyes, and blinder minded.
If to ſecret of my hart
I doo any wiſh impart:
Where thou art not formoſt placed;
Be both wiſh and I defaced.
If more may be ſaid, I ſay
All my bliſſe on thee I lay.
If thou loue, my loue content thee,
For all loue, all faith is meant thee.
Truſt me, while I thee denie,
In my ſelfe the ſmart I trie.
Tirant, honour dooth thus vſe thee,
Stellaes ſelfe might not refuſe thee.
Therefore (deere) this no more moue,
Leaſt, though I leaue not thy loue,
Which too deepe in me is framed:
I ſhould bluſh when thou art named.
There-with-all, away ſhe went,
Leauing him to paſſion rent:
With what ſhe had done and ſpoken,
That there-with my Song is broken.

FINIS. *S. Phil: Sidney.*

¶ Syrenus *his Song to* Dianaes *Flocke.*

PAſſed contents,
Oh what meane ye?
Forſake me now, and doo not wearie me.
VVilt thou heare me ô memorie,
My pleaſant dayes, and nights againe,
I haue appai'd with ſeauen-fold paine.
Thou haſt no more to aske me why,
For when I went, they all did die
As thou doo'ſt ſee:
O leaue me then, and doo not wearie me.

Greene

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Greene field, and ſhadowed valley, where
Sometime my chiefeſt pleaſure was,
Behold what I did after paſſe.
Then let me reſt, and if I beare
Not with good cauſe continuall feare:
Now doo you ſee,
O leaue me then, and doo not trouble me.

I ſaw a hart changed of late,
And wearied to aſſure mine:
Then I was forced to recure mine
By good occaſion, time, and fate,
My thoughts that now ſuch paſſions hate
O what meane ye?
Forſake me now, and doo not wearie me.
You Lambs and Sheepe that in theſe Layes,
Did ſometime follow me ſo glad:
The merrie houres, and the ſad
Are paſſed now, with all thoſe dayes.
Make not ſuch mirth and wunted playes
As once did ye.
For now no more, you haue deceaued me.

If that to trouble me you come,
Or come to comfort me in deede:
I haue no ill for comforts neede.
But if to kill me: Then (in ſome)
Now my ioyes are dead and dombe,
Full well may ye
Kill me, and you ſhall make an end of me.

FINIS. Bar. Yong.

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¶ *To* Amarillis.

THough *Amarillis* dance in greene,
Like Faierie Queene,
And sing full cleere,
With smiling cheere.
Yet since her eyes make hart so sore,
hey hoe, chill loue no more.

My Sheepe are lost for want of foode
And I so wood
That all the day:
I sit and watch a Heard-mayde gay,
Who laughs to see me sigh so sore:
hey hoe, chill loue no more.

Her louing lookes, her beautie bright,
Is such delight,
That all in vaine:
I loue to like, and loose my gaine.
For her that thanks me not therefore,
hey hoe, chill loue no more.

Ah wanton eyes, my friendly foes,
And cause of woes,
Your sweet desire
Breedes flames of yce, and freeze in fire.
You scorne to see me weepe so sore:
hey hoe, chill loue no more.

Loue ye who list, I force him not,
Sith God it wot
The more I waile:
The lesse my sighs and teares prevaile.
What shall I doo, but say therefore,
hey hoe, chill loue no more?

FINIS. *Out of M. Birds set Songs.*

¶ Cardenna

¶ Cardenia *the Nimph, to her false Sheepheard* Faustus.

F*Austus*, if thou wilt reade from me
These fewe and simple lines,
By them most clearely thou shalt see,
How little should accounted be
Thy faigned words and signes.
For noting well thy deedes vnkinde,
Sheepheard, thou must not scan:
That euer it came to my minde,
To praise thy faith like to the winde,
Or for a constant man.

For this in thee shall so be found,
As smoake blowne in the aire;
Or like Quick-siluer turning round,
Or as a house built on the ground
Of sands that doo impaire.
To firmenesse thou art contrarie,
More slipp'rie then the Eele:
Changing as Weather-cocke on hie,
Or the Camelion on the die,
Or Fortunes turning wheele.

VVho would beleeue thou wert so free,
To blaze me thus each houre?
My Sheepheardesse, thou liu'st in me,
My soule dooth onely dwell in thee,
And euery vitall power.
Pale *Atropos* my vitall string
Shall cut, and life offend:
The streames shall first turne to their spring,
The world shall end, and euery thing,
Before my loue shall end.

This loue that thou didst promise me,
Sheepheard, where is it found?

V. The

The word and faith I had of thee,
O tell me now, where may they be,
Or where may they resound?
Too soone thou did'st the tytle game
Of giuer of vaine words:
Too soone my loue thou did'st obtaine,
Too soone thou lou'dst *Diana* in vaine,
That nought but scornes affords.

But one thing now I will thee tell,
That much thy pacience moones:
That though *Diana* dooth excell
In beautie, yet she keepes not well
Her faith, nor loyall proones.
Thou then hast chosen, each one saith,
Thine equall, and a shrow:
For if thou hast vndone thy faith,
Her Loue and Louer she betrayeth,
So like to like may goe.

If now this Sonnet which I send
Will anger thee: Before
Remember *Faustus* (yet my friend,)
That if these speeches doo offend,
Thy deedes doo hurt me more.
Thus let each one of vs amend,
Thou deedes, I words so spent:
For I confesse I blame my pen,
Doo thou as much, so in the end,
Thy deedes thou doo repent.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

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¶ *Of* Phillida.

AS I beheld, I ſaw a Heardman wilde,
with his ſheepe-hooke a picture fine deface:
Which he ſometime his fancie to beguile,
had caru'd on bark of Beech in ſecret place.
And with deſpight of moſt afflicted minde,
through deepe diſpaire of hart, for loue diſmaid:
He pull'd euen from the tree the carued rinde,
and weeping ſore, theſe wofull words he ſaid.
Ah Phillida, *would God thy picture faire,*
I could as lightly blot out of my breſt:
Then ſhould I not thus rage in deepe diſpaire,
and teare the thing ſometime I liked beſt.
But all in vaine, it booteth not God wot:
What printed is in hart, on tree to blot.

FINIS. *Out of M.* Birds *ſet Songs.*

¶ Meliſea *her Song, in ſcorne of her Sheepheard* Narciſſus.

YOung Sheepheard turne a-ſide, and moue
Me not to follow thee:
For I will neither kill with loue,
Nor loue ſhall not kill me.

Since I will liue, and neuer ſhow,
Then die not, for my loue I will not giue
For I will neuer haue thee loue me ſo,
As I doo meane to hate thee while I liue.

That ſince the louer ſo dooth proue,
His death, as thou doo'ſt ſee:

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Be bold I will not kill with loue,
Nor loue ſhall not kill me.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

¶ His anſwere to the Nimphs Song.

IF to be lou'd it thee offend,
I cannot chooſe but loue thee ſtill:
And ſo thy greefe ſhall haue no end,
Whiles that my life maintaines my will.

O let me yet with greefe complaine,
ſince ſuch a torment I endure:
Or elſe fulfill thy great diſdaine,
to end my life with death moſt ſure.
For as no credite thou wilt lend,
and as my loue offends thee ſtill:
So ſhall thy ſorrowes haue no end,
whiles that my life maintaines my will.

If that by knowing thee, I could
leaue off to loue thee as I doo:
Not to offend thee, then I would
leaue off to like and loue thee too.
But ſince all loue to thee dooth tend,
and I of force muſt loue thee ſtill:
Thy greefe ſhall neuer haue an end,
whiles that my life maintaines my will.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

¶ Her

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¶ Her preſent anſwere againe to him.

ME thinks thou tak'ſt the worſer way,
(Enamoured Sheepheard) and in vaine
That thou wilt ſeeke thine owne decay,
To loue her, that dooth thee diſdaine.

For thine owne ſelfe, thy wofull hart
Keepe ſtill, elſe art thou much to blame:
For ſhe to whom thou gau'ſt each part
Of it, diſdaines to take the ſame.

Follow not her that makes a play,
And ieſt of all the greeſe and paines:
And ſeeke not (Sheepheard) thy decay.
To loue her that thy loue diſdaines.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

¶ His laſt replie.

SInce thou to me wert ſo vnkinde,
My ſelfe I neuer loued, for
I could not loue him in my minde,
Whom thou (faire Miſtreſſe) doo'ſt abhorre.

If viewing thee, I ſawe thee not,
And ſeeing thee, I could not loue thee:
Dying, I ſhould not liue (God wot)
Nor liuing, ſhould to anger mooue thee.

But it is well that I doo finde
My life ſo full of torments, for
All kinde of ills doo fit his minde
Whom thou(faire Miſtreſſe)doo'ſt abhorre.

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In thy oblivion buried now
My death I haue before mine eyes:
And heere to hate my ſelfe I vow,
As (cruell) thou dooſt me deſpiſe.

Contented euer thou didſt finde
Me with thy ſcornes, though neuer (for
To ſay the trueth) I ioyed in minde,
After thou didſt my loue abhorre.

FINIS. *Bar. Yong.*

¶ Philon *the Sheepheard, his Song.*

WHile that the Sunne with his beames hot,
Scorched the fruites in vale and mountaine:
Philon the Sheepheard late forgot,
Sitting beſides a Chriſtall Fountaine:
In ſhaddow of a greene Oake tree,
Vpon his Pipe this Song plaid he.
Adiew Loue, adiew Loue, vntrue Loue,
Vntrue Loue, vntrue Loue, adiew Loue:
Your minde is light, ſoone loſt for new loue.

So long as I was in young ſight,
I was as your hart, your ſoule, and treaſure:
And euermore you ſob'd and ſigh'd,
Burning in flames beyond all meaſure.
Three dayes endured your loue to me:
And it was loſt in other three.
Adiew Loue, adiew Loue, vntrue Loue. &c.

Another Sheepheard you did ſee,
To whom your hart was ſoone enchained:
Full ſoone your loue was leapt from me,
Full ſoone my place he had obtained.

Soone

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Soone came a third, your loue to win:
And we were out, and he was in.
Adiew Loue. &c.

Sure you haue made me passing glad,
That you your minde so soone remoued:
Before that I the leysure had,
To choose you for my best beloued.
For all my loue was past and done:
Two dayes before it was begun.
Adiew Loue. &c.

FINIS. *Out of M.* Birds *set Songs.*

¶ Lycoris *the Nymph, her sad Song.*

IN dewe of Roses, steeping her louely cheekes,
Lycoris thus sate weeping.
Ah *Dorus* false, that hast my hart bereft me,
And now vnkinde hast left me.
Heare alas, oh heare me,
Aye me, aye me,
Cannot my beautie mooue thee?
Pitty, yet pitty me,
Because I loue thee.
Aye me, thou scorn'st the more I pray thee:
And this thou doo'st, and all to slay me.
Why doo then,
Kill me, and vaunt thee:
Yet my Ghoast
Still shall haunt thee.

FINIS. *Out of M.* Morleyes *Madrigalls.*

¶ To

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¶ To his Flocks.

BUrst foorth my teares, assist my forward greefe,
And shew what paine imperious loue prouokes
Kinde tender Lambs, lament Loues scant releefe,
And pine, since pensiue care my freedome yoakes,
Oh pine, to see me pine, my tender Flocks.

Sad pyning care, that neuer may haue peace,
At Beauties gate, in hope of pittie knocks:
But mercie sleepes, while deepe disdaines encrease,
And Beautie hope in her faire bosome yoakes:
Oh greeue to heare my greefe, my tender Flocks.

Like to the windes my sighs haue winged beene,
Yet are my sighs and sutes repaide with mocks:
I pleade, yet she repineth at my teene,
O ruthlesse rigour, harder then the Rocks,
That both the Sheepheard kills, and his poore Flocks.

FINIS.

¶ To his Loue.

COme away, come sweet Loue,
The golden morning breakes:
All the earth, all the ayre;
Of loue and pleasure speakes.
Teach thine armes then to embrace,
And sweet Rosie lips to kisse:
And mixe our soules in mutuall blisse.
Eyes were made for beauties grace.
Viewing, ruing Loues long paine:
Procur'd by beauties rude disdaine.

Come

Come away, come ſweet Loue,
The golden morning waſts:
While the Sunne from his Sphere
His fierie arrowes caſts,
Making all the ſhadowes flie,
Playing, ſtaying in the Groaue:
To entertaine the ſtealth of loue.
Thither ſweet Loue let vs hie
Flying, dying in deſire:
Wing'd with ſweet hopes and heauenly fire.

Come away, come ſweet Loue,
Doo not in vaine adorne
Beauties grace that ſhould riſe
Like to the naked morne.
Lillies on the Riuers ſide,
And faire *Cyprus* flowers new blowne,
Deſire no beauties but their owne.
Ornaments ſ: Nurſe of pride,
Pleaſure, meaſure, Loues delight:
Haſt then ſweet-Loue our wiſhed flight.

FINIS.

Another of his Cinthia.

AWay with theſe ſelfe-louing-Lads,
Whom *Cupids* arrowe neuer glads.
Away poore ſoules that ſigh and weepe,
In loue of them that lie and ſleepe,
For *Cupid* is a Meadow God:
And forceth none to kiſſe the rod.

God *Cupids* ſhaft like deſtenie,
Dooth eyther good or ill decree.
Deſert is borne out of his bowe,

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Reward vpon his feete doth goe.
What fooles are they that haue not knowne,
That Loue likes no lawes but his owne?

My ſongs they be of *Cynthias* prayſe,
I weare her Rings on Holly-dayes,
On euery Tree I write her name,
And euery day I reade the ſame.
Where Honor, *Cupids* riuall is:
There miracles are ſeene of his.

If *Cynthia* craue her ring of mee,
I blot her name out of the tree.
If doubt doe darken things held deere:
Then welfare nothing once a yeere.
For many run, but one muſt win:
Fooles onely hedge the Cuckoe in.

The worth that worthines ſhould moue,
Is loue, which is the due of loue.
And loue as well the Sheepheard can,
As can the mightie Noble man.
Sweet Nimph tis true, you worthy be,
Yet without loue, nought worth to me.

FINIS.

Another to his Cinthia.

MY thoughts are wingde with hopes, my hopes with loue,
Mount loue vnto the Moone in cleereſt night:
And ſay, as ſhee doth in the heauens moue,
On earth ſo waines and wexeth my delight.
And whiſper this but ſoftly in her eares:
Hope oft doth hang the head, and truſt ſhed teares.

And

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And you my thoughts that ſome miſtruſt doe carry,
If for miſtruſt my Miſtriſſe doe you blame:
Say, though you alter, yet you doe not varie,
As ſhee doth change, and yet remaine the ſame.
Diſtruſt doth enter harts, but not infect,
And loue is ſweeteſt, ſeaſoned with ſuſpect.

If ſhee for this, with clowdes doe maske her eyes,
And make the heauens darkē with her diſdaine:
With windie ſighes diſperſe them in the skyes,
Or with thy teares diſſolue them into rayne.
Thoughts, hopes, and loue, returne to me no more,
Till *Cynthia* ſhine, as ſhee hath done before.

FINIS.

¶ Theſe three ditties were taken out of Maiſter Iohn Dowlands *booke of tableture for the Lute, the Authours names not there ſet downe, & therefore left to their owners.*

Montanus *Sonnet in the woods.*

ALas, how wander I amidſt theſe woods,
Whereas no day bright ſhine doth finde acceſſe?
But where the melancholy fleeting floods,
(Darke as the night) my night of woes expreſſe,
Diſarmde of reaſon, ſpoyld of Natures goods,
Without redreſſe to ſalue my heauineſſe
I walke, whilſt thought (too cruell to my harmes,)
With endleſſe greeſe my heedleſſe iudgement charmes.

My ſilent tongue aſſailde by ſecrete feare,
My trayterous eyes impriſond in their ioy:
My fatall peace deuour'd in fained cheere,

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My hart enforc'd to harbour in annoy.
My reaſon rob'd of power by yeelding care,
My fond opinions, ſlaue to euery ioy.
Oh Loue, thou guide in my vncertaine wayes
Woe to thy bowe, thy fire, the cauſe of my decay.

FINIS. S. E. D.

¶ The Sheepheards ſorrow, being diſdained in loue.

MVſes helpe me, ſorrow ſwarmeth,
Eyes are fraught with Seas of languiſh:
Hapleſſe hope my ſolace harmeth,
Mindes repaſt is bitter anguiſh.

Eye of day regarded neuer,
Certaine truſt in vvorld vntruſtie:
Flattering hope beguileth euer,
Wearie old, and wanton luſtie.

Dawne of day beholds enthroned,
Fortunes darling proud and dreadleſſe:
Darkſome night dooth heare him moaned,
Who before was rich and needeleſſe.

Rob the Spheare of lines vnited,
Make a ſuddaine voide in nature:
Force the day to be benighted,
Reaue the cauſe of time and creature.

Ere the world will ceaſe to varie,
This I weepe for, this I ſorrow:
Muſes, if you pleaſe to tarie,
Further helpe I meane to borrow.

Courted once by Fortunes fauour,
Compaſt now with Enuies curſes:

All

All my thoughts of ſorrowes ſauour,
Hopes runne fleeting like the Sourſes.

Aye me, wanton ſcorne hath maimed
All the ioyes my hart enioyed:
Thoughts their thinking haue diſclaimed,
Hate my hopes haue quite annoyed.

Scant regard my vveale hath ſcanted,
Looking coy, hath forc'd my lowring:
Nothing lik'd, where nothing wanted,
Weds mine eyes to ceaſeleſſe ſhowring.

Former loue was once admired,
Preſent fauour is eſtraunged:
Loath'd the pleaſure long deſired,
Thus both men and thoughts are chaunged.

Louely Swaine with luckie ſpeeding,
Once, but now no more ſo friended:
You my Flocks haue had in feeding,
From the morne, till day was ended.

Drink and fodder, foode and folding,
Had my Lambs and Ewes together:
I with them was ſtill beholding,
Both in warmth and Winter weather.

Now they languiſh, ſince refuſed,
Ewes and Lambs are pain'd with pining:
I with Ewes and Lambs confuſed,
All vnto our deaths declining.

Silence, leaue thy Caue obſcured,
Daigne a dolefull Swaine to tender:
Though diſdaines I haue endured.
Yet I am no deepe offender.

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Phillips Sonne can with his finger
Hide his scarre, it is so little:
Little sinne a day to linger,
Wise men wander in a tittle.

Trifles yet my Swaine haue turned,
Though my Sunne he neuer showeth:
Though I weepe, I am not mourned,
Though I want, no pittie groweth.

Yet for pittie, loue my Muses,
Gentle silence be their couer:
They must leaue their wonted vses,
Since I leaue to be a Louer.

They shall liue with thee enclosed,
I will loath my pen and paper:
Art shall neuer be supposed,
Sloth shall quench the watching Taper.

Kisse them silence, kisse them kindly,
Though I leaue them, yet I loue them:
Though my wit haue led them blindly,
Yet a Swaine did once approue them.

I will trauaile soiles remoued,
Night and morning neuer merrie:
Thou shalt harbour that I loued,
I will loue that makes me wearie.

If perchaunce the Sheepheard strayeth,
In thy walks and shades vnhaunted:
Tell the teene my hart betrayeth,
How neglect my ioyes haue daunted.

FINIS. *Thom. Lodge.*

¶ A

A Paſtorall Song betweene Phillis *and* Amarillis, *two Nimphes, each anſwering other line for line.*

FIe on the ſleights that men deuiſe,
heigh hoe ſillie ſleights:
When ſimple Maydes they would entice,
Maides are yong mens chiefe delights.
Nay, women they witch with their eyes,
eyes like beames of burning Sunne:
And men once caught, they ſoone deſpiſe,
ſo are Sheepheards oft vndone.

If any young man win a maide,
happy man is he:
By truſting him ſhe is betraide,
fie vpon ſuch treacherie.
If Maides win young men with their guiles,
heigh hoe guilefull greefe:
They deale like weeping Crocodiles,
that murther men without releefe.

I know a ſimple Country Hinde,
heigh hoe ſillie Swaine:
To whom faire *Daphne* prooued kinde,
was he not kinde to her againe?
He vowed by *Pan* with many an oath,
heigh hoe Sheepheards God is he:
Yet ſince hath chang'd, and broke his troath,
troth-plight broke, will plagued be.

She had deceaued many a Swaine,
fie on falſe deceite:
And plighted troath to them in vaine,
there can be no greefe more great.
Her meaſure was with meaſure paide,
heigh hoe, heigh hoe equall meede:

She

She was begull'd that had betraide,
so shall all deceauers speede.

If euery Maide were like to me,
heigh hoe hard of hart:
Both loue and louers scorn'd should be,
scorners shall be sure of smart.
If euery Maide were of my minde,
heigh hoe, heigh hoe lowely sweete:
They to their Louers should prooue kinde,
kindnes is for Maydens meete.

Me thinks loue is an idle toy,
heigh hoe busie paine:
Both wit and sence it dooth annoy,
both sence & wit thereby we gaine.
Tush *Phillis* cease, be not so coy,
heigh hoe, heigh hoe coy disdaine:
I know you loue a Sheepheards boy,
fie that Maydens so should faine.

Well *Amarillis*, now I yeeld,
Sheepheards pipe aloude:
Loue conquers both in towne and field,
like a Tirant, fierce and proude.
The euening starre is vp ye see,
Vesper shines, we must away:
Would euery Louer might agree,
so we end our Roundelay.

FINIS. *H. C.*

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The Sheepheards Anthems.

NEere to a bancke with Roſes ſet about,
Where prettie Turtles ioyning bill to bill:
And gentle ſprings ſteale ſoftly murmuring out,
Waſhing the foote of pleaſures ſacred hill.
There little Loue ſore wounded lyes,
his bow and arrowes broken:
Bedewde with teares from *Venus* eyes,
Oh that it ſhould be ſpoken.

Beare him my hart, ſlaine with her ſcornfull eye,
Where ſticks the arrow that poore hart did kill:
With whoſe ſharpe pyle, yet will him ere he die,
About my hart to write his lateſt will.
And bid him ſend it backe to mee,
at inſtant of his dying:
That cruell, cruell ſhee may ſee,
my fayth and her denying.

His Hearſe ſhall be a mournfull Cypres ſhade,
And for a Chauntrie, Philomels ſweet lay:
Where prayer ſhall cõtinually be made,
By Pilgrime louers, paſſing by that way.
With Nimphs and Sheepheards yeerely mone,
his timeleſſe death beweeping:
And telling that my hart alone,
hath his laſt will in keeping.

FINIS. *Mich. Drayton.*

The Counteſſe of Pembrookes Paſterall.

A Sheepheard and a Sheepheardeſſe,
ſate keeping ſheepe vpon the downes:
His lookes did gentle blood expreſſe,
her beauty was no foode for clownes.
Sweet louely twaine, what might you be?

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Two fronting hills bedeckt with flowers,
they chose to be each others seate:
And there they stole theyr amorous houres,
with sighes and teares, poore louers meate,
Fond Loue that feed'st thy seruants so.

Faire freend, quoth he, when shall I true,
That am halfe dead, yet cannot die?
Can beautie such sharpe guerdon giue,
to him whose life hangs in your eye?
Beautie is milde, and will not kill.

Sweet Swaine, quoth shee, accuse not mee,
that long haue been thy humble thrall:
But blame the angry destinie,
whose kinde consent might finish all,
Vngentle Fate, to crosse true loue.

Quoth hee, let not our Parents hate,
disioyne what heauen hath linckt in one:
They may repent, and all too late
if chyldlesse they be left alone.
Father nor freend, should wrong true loue.

The Parents frowne, said shee, is death,
to children that are held in awe:
From them we drew our vitall breath,
they challenge dutie then by law,
Such dutie as kills not true loue.

They haue, quoth hee, a kinde of sway,
on these our earthly bodies heere:
But with our soules deale not they may,
the God of loue doth hold them deere.
Hee is most meet to rule true loue.

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I know, ſaid ſhee, tis worſe then hell,
when Parents choyſe muſt pleaſe our eyes:
Great hurt comes thereby, I can tell,
forc'd loue in deſperate danger dies.
Fayre mayde, then fancie thy true loue.

If wee, quoth hee, might ſee the houre,
of that ſweet ſtate which neuer ends,
Our heauenly gree might haue the power,
to make our Parents as deere freends.
All rancour yeelds to ſouetaine loue.

Then God of loue, ſayd ſhee, conſent,
and ſhew ſome wonder of thy power:
Our Parents, and our owne content,
may be confirmde by ſuch an houre,
Graunt greateſt God to further loue.

The Fathers, who did alwayes tend,
when thus they got theyr priuate walke,
As happy fortune chaunc'd to ſend,
vnknowne to each, heard all this talke.
Poore ſoules to be ſo croſt in loue.

Behind the hills whereon they ſate,
they lay this while and liſtned all:
And were ſo mooued both thereat,
that hate in each began to fall.
Such is the power of ſacred loue.

They ſhewed themſelues in open ſight,
poore Louers, Lord how they were mazde?
And hand in hand the Fathers plight,
whereat (poore harts) they gladly gazde.
Hope now begins to further loue.

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And to confirme a mutuall band,
of loue, that at noe time ſhould ceaſſe:
They likewiſe ioyned hand in hand,
the Sheepheard and the Sheepheardeſſe.
Like fortune ſhall befall true loue.

FINIS. *Shep. Tonie.*

Another of Aſtrophell.

THe Nightingale ſo ſoone as Aprill bringeth
Vnto her reſted ſence a perfect waking:
While late bare earth, proude of newe clothing ſpringeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorne her Song-booke making.
And mournfully bewayling
Her throate in tunes expreſſeth,
What greefe her breſt oppreſſeth,
For *Tereus* force, on her chaſt will prevailing.
Oh *Philamela* faire, oh take ſome gladnes,
That heere is iuſter cauſe of plaintfull ſadnes.
Thine earth now ſprings, mine fadeth:
Thy thorne without, my thorne my hart invadeth.

Alas, ſhee hath no other cauſe of languiſh
But *Tereus* loue, on her by ſtrong hand wroken:
Wherein ſhe ſuffering all her ſpirits languiſh,
Full woman-like complaines, her will was broken.
But I, who daily craving,
Cannot haue to content mee:
Haue more cauſe to lament mee,
Sith wanting is more woe, then too much having.
Oh *Philamela* faire, oh take ſome gladnes,
That heere is iuſter cauſe of plaintfull ſadnes,
Thine earth now ſprings, mine fadeth:
Thy thorne without, my thorne my hart invadeth.

FINIS. *S. Phil. Sidney.*

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Of Faire Phillis *and her Sheepheard.*

SHeepheard, ſaw you not
my faire louely *Phillis*,
Walking on this mountaine,
or on yonder plaine?
She is gone this way to *Dianaes* Fountaine,
and hath left me wounded,
with her high diſdaine.
Aye me, ſhe is faire,
And without compare.
Sorrow come and ſit with me:
Loue is full of feares,
Loue is full of teares,
Loue without theſe cannot be.
Thus my paſſions paine me,
For my loue hath ſlaine me,
Gentle Sheepheard beare a part:
Pray to *Cupids* mother,
For I know no other
that can helpe to eaſe my ſmart.

Sheepheard, I haue ſeene
thy faire louely *Phillis*
Where her flocks are feeding,
by the Riuers ſide:
Oh, I muſt admire
ſhe ſo farre exceeding
In ſurpaſſing beautie,
ſhould ſurpaſſe in pride.
But alas I finde,
They are all vnkinde
Beauty knowes her power too well:
When they liſt, they loue,
When they pleaſe, they moue,
thus they turne our heauen to hell.

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For their faire eyes glauncing,
Like to *Cupids* dauncing,
roule about ſtill to deceaue vs:
With vaine hopes deluding,
Still diſpraiſe concluding,
Now they loue, and now they leaue vs.

Thus I doo deſpaire,
haue her I ſhall neuer,
If ſhe be ſo coy,
loſt is all my loue:
But ſhe is ſo faire
I muſt loue her euer,
All my paine is ioy,
which for her I proue.
If I ſhould her trie,
And ſhe ſhould denie
heauie hart with woe will breake:
Though againſt my will,
Tongue thou muſt be ſtill,
for ſhe will not heare thee ſpeake.
Then with ſighs goe prooue her,
Let them ſhew I loue her,
gracious *Venus* be my guide:
But though I complaine me,
She will ſtill diſdaine me,
beauty is ſo full of pride.

What though ſhe be faire?
ſpeake, and feare not ſpeeding,
Be ſhe nere ſo coy,
yet ſhe may be wunne:
Vnto her repaire,
where her Flocks are feeding,
Sit and tick and toy
till ſet be the Sunne.

Sunne

Sunne then being ſet,
Feare not *Vulcanes* net,
though that *Mars* therein was caught:
If ſhe doo denie
Thus to her replie
Venus lawes ſhe muſt be taught.
Then with kiſſes mooue her,
That's the way to prooue her,
thus thy *Phillis* muſt be wone:
She will not forſake thee,
But her Loue will make thee,
When Loues duty once is done.

Happie ſhall I be,
If ſhe graunt me fauour,
Elſe for loue I die
Phillis is ſo faire:
Boldly then goe ſee,
thou maiſt quickly haue her,
Though ſhe ſhould denie,
yet doo not deſpaire.
She is full of pride,
Venus be my guide,
helpe a ſillie Sheepheards ſpeede:
Vſe no ſuch delay,
Sheepheard, goe thy way,
venture man and doo the deede.
I will ſore complaine me,
Say that loue hath ſlaine thee,
if her fauours doo not feede:
But take no deniall,
Stand vpon thy triall,
ſpare to ſpeake, and want of ſpeede.

FINIS. I. G.

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The Shepheards Song of Venus and Adonis.

Venus faire did ride,
siluer Doues they drew her,
By the pleasant lawnds
ere the Sunne did rise:
Vestas beautie rich
opend wide to view her,
Philomel records
pleasing Harmonies.
Euery bird of spring
cheerefully did sing,
Paphos Goddesse they salute:
Now Loues Queene so faire,
had of mirth no care,
for her Sonne had made her mute.
In her breast so tender
He a shaft did enter,
when her eyes beheld a boy:
Adonis was he named,
By his Mother shamed,
yet he now is *Venus* ioy.

Him alone she met,
ready bound for hunting,
Him she kindly greetes,
and his iourney stayes:
Him she seekes to kisse
no deuises wanting,
Him her eyes still wooe,
him her tongue still prayes.
He with blushing red
Hangeth downe the head,
not a kisse can he afford:
His face is turn'd away,
Silence sayd her nay,
still she woo'd him for a word.

Speake

Speake ſhee ſaid thou faireſt,
Beautie thou impaireſt,
ſee mee, I am pale and wan:
Louers all adore mee,
I for loue implore thee,
chriſtall teares with that downe ran.

Him heere-with ſhee forc'd
to come ſit downe by her,
Shee his necke embrac'de
gazing in his face:
Hee like once transformd
ſtird no looke to eye her
Euery hearbe did wooe him
growing in that place.
Each bird with a dittie,
prayed him for pitty
in behalfe of beauties Queene:
Waters gentle murmour,
craued him to loue her,
yet no liking could be ſeene.
Boy ſhee ſayd, looke on mee,
Still I gaze vpon thee,
ſpeake I pray thee my delight:
Coldly hee replyed,
And in breefe denyed,
to beſtow on her a ſight.

I am now too young,
to be wunne by beauty,
Tender are my yeeres
I am yet a bud:
Fayre thou art, ſhee ſaid
then it is thy dutie,
Wert thou but a bloſſome
to effect my good.
Euery beauteous flower,
boaſteth in my power,

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Byrds and beaſts my lawes effect:
Myrrha thy faire mother,
moſt of any other,
did my louely heſts reſpect.
Be with me delighted,
Thou ſhalt be requited,
euery Nimph on thee ſhall tend:
All the Gods ſhall loue thee,
Man ſhall not reproue thee,
Loue himſelfe ſhall be thy freend.

Wend thee from mee *Venus*,
I am not diſpoſed,
Thou wring'ſt mee too hard,
pre-thee let me goe:
Fie, what a paine it is
thus to be encloſed,
If loue begin with labour,
it will end in woe.
kiſſe mee, I will leaue,
heere a kiſſe receiue,
a ſhort kiſſe I doe it find:
Wilt thou leaue me ſo?
yet thou ſhalt not goe,
breathe once more thy balmie wind.
It ſmelleth of the Mirh-tree,
That to the world did bring thee,
neuer was perfume ſo ſweet:
When ſhe had thus ſpoken,
Shee gaue him a token,
and theyr naked boſoms meet.

Now hee ſayd, let's goe,
harke, the hounds are crying,
Grieſlie Boare is vp,
Hunſ-men follow faſt:
At the name of Boare,
Venus ſeemed dying,

Deadly

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Deadly coloured pale,
Roſes ouer-caſt.
Speake ſayd ſhee, no more,
of following the Boare,
thou vnfit for ſuch a chaſe:
Courſe the fearefull Hare,
Venſon doe not ſpare,
if thou wilt yeeld *Venus* grace.
Shun the Boare I pray thee,
Elſe I ſtill will ſtay thee,
herein he vowed to pleaſe her minde,
Then her armes enlarged,
Loth ſhee him diſcharged,
forth he went as ſwift as winde.

Thetis Phœbus Steedes
in the Weſt retained,
Hunting ſport was paſt,
Loue her loue did ſeeke:
Sight of him too ſoone
gentle Queene ſhee gained,
On the ground he lay
blood had left his cheeke.
For an orped Swine,
ſmit him in the groyne,
deadly wound his death did bring:
Which when *Venus* found,
ſhee fell in a ſwound,
and awakte, her hands did wring.
Nimphs and Satires skipping,
Came together tripping,
Eccho euery cry expreſt:
Venus by her power,
Turnd him to a flower,
which ſhee weareth in her creaſt.

FINIS. H. C.

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¶ Thirſis *the Sheepheard his deaths ſong.*

THirſis to die deſired,
marking her eyes that to his hart was neereſt:
And ſhee that with his flame no leſſe was fiered,
ſayd to him: Oh hart's loue deereſt:
Alas, forbeare to die now,
By thee I liue, by thee I wiſh to die too.

Thirſis that heate refrained,
wherewith to die poore louer then hee haſted,
Thinking it death while hee his lookes maintained,
full fixed on her eyes, full of pleaſure,
and louely Nectar ſweet from them he taſted.
His daintie Nimph, that now at hand eſpyed
the harueſt of loues treaſure,
Said thus, with eyes all trembling, faint and waſted:
I die now,
The Sheepheard then replyed,
and I ſweet life doe die too.

Thus theſe two Louers fortunately dyed,
Of death ſo ſweet, ſo happy, and ſo deſired:
That to die ſo againe their life retired.

FINIS. *Out of Maiſter* N. Young *his* Muſica Tranſalpina.

¶ *Another ſtanza added after.*

THirſis enioyed the graces,
Of *Chloris* ſweet embraces,
Yet both theyr ioyes were ſcanted:
For darke it was, and candle-light they wanted.
Wherewith kinde *Cynthia* in the heauen that ſhined,
her nightly vaile reſigned,
and her faire face diſcloſed.
Then each from others lookes ſuch ioy deriued:
That both with meere delight dyed, and reuiued.

FINIS. *Out of the ſame.*

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Deadly coloured pale,
Roſes ouer-caſt.
Speake ſayd ſhee, no more,
of following the Boare,
thou vnfit for ſuch a chaſe:
Courſe the fearefull Hare,
Venſon doe not ſpare,
if thou wilt yeeld *Venus* grace.
Shun the Boare I pray thee,
Elſe I ſtill will ſtay thee,
herein he vowed to pleaſe her minde.
Then her armes enlarged,
Loth ſhee him diſcharged.
forth he went as ſwift as winde.

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in the Weſt retained,
Hunting ſport was paſt,
Loue her loue did ſeeke:
Sight of him too ſoone
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On the ground he lay
blood had left his cheeke.
For an orped Swine,
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Which when *Venus* found,
ſhee fell in a ſwound,
and awakte, her hands did wring.
Nimphs and Satires skipping,
Came together tripping,
Eccho euery cry expreſt:
Venus by her power,
Turnd him to a flower,
which ſhee weareth in her creaſt.

FINIS. H. C.

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¶ Thirsis *the Sheepheard his deaths song.*

THirsis to die desired,
marking her eyes that to his hart was neerest:
And shee that with his flame no lesse was fiered,
sayd to him: Oh hart's loue deerest:
Alas, forbeare to die now,
By thee I liue, by thee I wish to die too.

Thirsis that heate refrained,
wherewith to die poore louer then hee hasted,
Thinking it death while hee his lookes maintained,
full fixed on her eyes, full of pleasure,
and louely Nectar sweet from them he tasted.
His daintie Nimph, that now at hand espyed
the haruest of loues treasure,
Said thus, with eyes all trembling, faint and wasted:
I die now,
The Sheepheard then replyed,
and I sweet life doe die too.

Thus these two Louers fortunately dyed,
Of death so sweet, so happy, and so desired:
That to die so againe their life retired.

FINIS. *Out of Maister* N. Young *his* Musica Transalpina.

¶ *Another stanza added after.*

THirsis enioyed the graces,
Of *Chloris* sweet embraces,
Yet both theyr ioyes were scanted:
For darke it was, and candle-light they wanted.
Wherewith kinde *Cinthia* in the heauen that shined,
her nightly vaile resigned,
and her faire face disclosed.
Then each from others lookes such ioy deriued:
That both with meere delight dyed, and reuiued.

FINIS. *Out of the same.*

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¶ Another Sonet thence taken.

ZEphirus *brings the time that sweetly senteth*
with flowers and hearbs, which Winters frost exileth:
Progne *now chirpeth.* Philomel *lamenteth,*
Flora *the Garlands white and red compileth:*
Fields doo reioyce, the frowning skie relenteth,
Ioue *to behold his dearest daughter smileth:*
The ayre, the water, the earth to ioy consenteth,
each creature now to loue him reconcileth.
But with me wretch, the stormes of woe perseuer,
and heauie sighs which from my hart she straineth
That tooke the key thereof to heauen for euer,
so that singing of birds, and spring-times flowring:
And Ladies loue that mens affection gaineth,
are like a Desert, and cruell beasts deuouring.

FINIS.

¶ The Sheepheards slumber.

IN Pescod time, when Hound to horne,
giues eare till Buck be kild:
And little Lads with pipes of corne,
sate keeping beasts a field.
I went to gather Strawberies tho,
by Woods and Groaues full faire:
And parcht my face with *Phœbus* so,
in walking in the ayre.
That downe I layde me by a streame,
with boughs all ouer-clad:
And there I met the straungest dreame,
that euer Sheepheard had.
Me thought I saw each Christmas game,
each reuell all and some:

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And euery thing that I can name,
or may in fancie come.
The ſubſtance of the ſights I ſaw,
in ſilence paſſe they ſhall:
Becauſe I lack the skill to draw,
the order of them all.
But *Venus* ſhall not paſſe my pen,
whoſe maydens in diſdaine:
Did feed vpon the harts of men,
that *Cupids* bowe had ſlaine.
And that blinde boy was all in blood,
be-bath'd to the eares:
And like a Conquerour he ſtood,
and ſcorned Louers teares.
I haue (quoth he) more harts at call,
then *Ceſar* could commaund:
And like the Deare I make them fall,
that runneth o're the lawnd.
One drops downe heere, another there,
in buſhes as they groane;
I bend a ſcornfull careleſſe eare,
to heare them make their moane.
Ah Sir (quoth *Honeſt Meaning*) then,
thy boy-like brags I heare:
When thou haſt wounded many a man,
as Huntſ-man doth the Deare.
Becomes it thee to triumph ſo?
thy Mother wills it not:
For ſhe had rather breake thy bowe,
then thou ſhouldſt play the ſot.
What ſaucie merchant ſpeaketh now,
ſayd *Venus* in her rage:
Art thou ſo blinde thou knoweſt not how
I gouerne euery age?
My Sonne doth ſhoote no ſhaft in waſt,
to me the boy is bound:
He neuer found a hart ſo chaſt,
but he had power to wound,

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Not ſo faire Goddeſſe (quoth *Free-will*,)
in me there is a choiſe:
And cauſe I am of mine owne ill,
if I in thee reioyce.
And when I yeeld my ſelfe a ſlaue,
to thee, or to thy Sonne:
Such recompence I ought not haue,
if things be rightly done.
Why foole ſtept forth *Delight*, and ſaid,
when thou art conquer'd thus:
Then loe dame *Luſt*, that wanton maide,
thy Miſtreſſe is iwus.
And *Luſt* is *Cupids* darling deere,
behold her where ſhe goes:
She creepes the milk-warme fleſh ſo neere,
ſhe hides her vnder cloſe.
Where many priuie thoughts doo dwell,
a heauen heere on earth:
For they haue neuer minde of hell,
they thinke ſo much on mirth.
Be ſtill *Good Meaning*, quoth *Good Sport*,
let *Cupid* triumph make:
For ſure his Kingdome ſhall be ſhort
if we no pleaſure take.
Faire *Beautie*, and her play-feares gay,
the virgins *Veſtalles* too:
Shall ſit and with their fingers play,
as idle people doo,
If *Honeſt Meaning* fall to frowne,
and I *Good Sport* decay:
Then *Venus* glory will come downe,
and they will pine away.
Indeede (quoth *Wit*) this your deuice,
with ſtraungenes muſt be wrought,
And where you ſee theſe women nice,
and looking to be ſought:
With ſcowling browes their follies check,
and ſo giue them the Fig:

Let

[illegible] be no more at beck,
when *Beautie* lookes so big.
When *Venus* heard how they conspir'd,
to murther women so:
Me thought indeede the house was fier'd,
with stormes and lightning tho.
The thunder-bolt through windowes burst,
and in their steps a wight:
Which seem'd some soule or sprite accurst,
so vgly was the sight.
I charge you Ladies all (quoth he)
looke to your selues in hast:
For if that men so wilfull be,
and haue their thoughts so chast;
And they can tread on *Cupids* brest,
and martch on *Venus* face:
Then they shall sleepe in quiet rest,
when you shall waile your case.
With that had *Venus* all in spight,
stir'd vp the Dames to ire:
And *Lust* fell cold, and *Beautie* white,
sate babling with *Desire*.
Whose mutt'ring words I might not marke,
much whispering there arose:
The day did lower, the Sunne wext darke,
away each Lady goes.
But whether went this angry flock,
our Lord him-selfe doth know:
Where-with full lowdly crewe the Cock,
and I awaked so.
A dreame (quoth I?) a dogge it is,
I take thereon no keepe:
I gage my head, such toyes as this,
dooth spring from lack of sleepe.

FINIS. *Ignoto.*

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And when I yeeld my ſelfe a ſlaue,
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Shall ſit and with their fingers play,
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and they will pine away.
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with ſtraungenes muſt be wrought,
And where you ſee theſe women nice,
and looking to be ſought:
With ſcowling browes their follies check,
and ſo giue them the Fig:

Let

Let *Pancie* be no more at beck,
when *Beautie* lookes so big.
When *Venus* heard how they conspir'd,
to murther women so:
Me thought indeede the house was fier'd,
with stormes and lightning tho.
The thunder-bolt through windowes burst.
and in their steps a wight:
Which seem'd some soule or sprite accurst,
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and I awaked so.
A dreame (quoth I?) a dogge it is,
I take thereon no keepe:
I gage my head, such toyes as this,
dooth spring from lack of sleepe.

FINIS. *Ignoto.*

IN wonted walkes, ſince wonted fancies change,
Some cauſe there is, which of ſtrange cauſe doth riſe:
For in each thing whereto my minde doth range,
Part of my paine me ſeemes engraued lies.

The Rockes which were of conſtant minde, the marke
In climbing ſteepe, now hard refuſall ſhow:
The ſhading woods ſeeme now my ſunne to darke,
And ſtately hils diſdaine to looke ſo low.

The reſtfull Caues, now reſtleſſe viſions giue,
In dales I ſee each way a hard aſſent:
Like late mowne Meades, late cut from ioy I liue,
Alas, ſweet Brookes, doe in my teares augment.
Rocks, woods, hills, caues, dales, meades brookes aunſwer mee:
Infected mindes infect each thing they ſee.

FINIS. *S. Phil. Sidney.*

¶ *Of diſdainfull* Daphne.

SHall I ſay that I loue you,
Daphne diſdainfull?
Sore it coſts as I proue you,
louing is painfull.

Shall I ſay what doth greeue mee?
Louers lament it:
Daphne will not releeue mee,
late I repent it.

Shall I dye, ſhall I periſh,
through her vnkindnes?
Loue vntaught loue to cherriſh,
ſheweth his blindnes.

Shall the hills, ſhall the valleyes,
the fieldes the Cittié,

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With the ſound of my out-cryes,
moue her to pittie?

The deepe falls of fayre Riuers,
and the windes turning:
Are the true muſique giuers,
vnto my mourning.

Where my flocks daily feeding,
pining for ſorrow:
At their maiſters hart bleeding,
ſhot with Loues arrow.

From her eyes to my hart-ſtring,
was the ſhaft launced:
It made all the woods to ring,
by which it glaunced.

When this Nimph had vſde me ſo,
then ſhe did hide her:
Hapleſſe I did *Daphne* know,
Hapleſſe I ſpyed her.

Thus Turtle-like I wail'd me,
for my loues looſing:
Daphnes truſt thus did faile me,
woe worth ſuch chuſing.

FINIS. *M. H. Nowell.*

¶ *The paſſionate Sheepheard to his loue.*

COme liue with mee, and be my loue,
And we will all the pleaſures proue,
That Vallies, groues, hills and fields,
Woods, or ſteepie mountaine yeelds.

And

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And wee will ſit vpon the Rocks,
Seeing the Sheepheards feede theyr flocks,
By ſhallow Riuers, to whoſe falls,
Melodious byrds ſings Madrigalls.

And I will make thee beds of Roſes,
And a thouſand fragrant poeſies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Imbroydred all with leaues of Mirtle.

A gowne made of the fineſt wooll,
Which from our pretty Lambes we pull,
Fayre lined ſlippers for the cold:
With buckles of the pureſt gold.

A belt of ſtraw, and Iuie buds,
With Corall claſps and Amber ſtuds,
And if theſe pleaſures may thee moue,
Come liue with mee, and be my loue.

The Sheepheards Swaines ſhall daunce & ſing,
For thy delight each May-morning,
If theſe delights thy minde may moue;
Then liue with mee, and be my loue.

FINIS. *Chr. Marlow.*

The Nimphs reply to the Sheepheard.

IF all the world and loue were young,
And truth in euery Sheepheards tongue,
Theſe pretty pleaſures might me moue,
To liue with thee, and be thy loue.

Time driues the flocks from field to fold,
When Riuers rage, and Rocks grow cold,
And *Philomell* becommeth dombe,
The reſt complaines of cares to come.

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The flowers doe fade, & wanton fields,
To wayward winter reckoning yeeldes,
A honny tongue, a hart of gall,
Is fancies spring, but sorrowes fall.

Thy gownes, thy shooes, thy beds of Roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soone breake, soone wither, soone forgotten:
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and Ivie buddes,
Thy Coral clasps and Amber studdes,
All these in me no meanes can move,
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breede,
Had joyes no date, nor age no neede,
Then these delights my minde might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

FINIS. *Ignoto.*

Another of the same nature, made since.

COme live with mee, and be my deere,
And we will revell all the yeere,
In plaines and groves, on hills and dales:
Where fragrant ayre breedes sweetest gales.

There shall you have the beauteous Pine,
The Cedar, and the spreading Vine,
And all the woods to be a Skreene:
Least *Phœbus* kisse my Sommers Queene.

The seate for your disport shall be
Ouer some Riuer in a tree,
Where siluer sands, and pebbles sing,
Eternall ditties with the spring.

There

There shall you see the Nimphs at play,
And how the Satires spend the day,
The fishes gliding on the sands:
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds with heavenly tuned throates,
Possesse woods Ecchoes with sweet notes,
Which to your senses will impart,
A musique to enflame the hart.

Vpon the bare and leafe-lesse Oake,
The Ring-Doues woings will provoke
A colder blood then you possesse,
To play with me and doo no lesse.

In bowers of Laurell trimly dight,
We will out-weare the silent night,
While *Flora* busie is to spread:
Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand Glow-wormes shall attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall spend,
All to adorne and beautifie:
Your lodging with most maiestie.

Then in mine armes will I enclose
Lillies faire mixture with the Rose,
Whose nice perfections in loues play:
Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus as we passe the welcome night,
In sportfull pleasures and delight,
The nimble Fairies on the grounds,
Shall dance and sing melodious sounds.

If these may serue for to entice,
Your presence to Loues Paradice.

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Then come with me, and be my Deare:
And we will straite begin the yeare.

FINIS. Ignoto.

¶ The Wood-mans walke.

THrough a faire Forrest as I went
vpon a Sommers day,
I met a Wood-man quaint and gent,
yet in strange aray.
I meruail'd much at his disguise,
whom I did know so well:
But thus in tearmes both graue and wise,
his minds he gan to tell.
Friend, muse not at this fond aray,
but list a while to me:
For it hath holpe me to suruay
what I shall shew to thee.
Long liu'd I in this Forrest faire,
till wearie of my weale:
Abroade in walks I would repaire,
as now I will reueale.
My first dayes walke was to the Court,
where Beaune fed mine eyes:
Yet found I that the Courtly sport,
did maske in she disguise.
For falshood sate in fairest lookes,
and friend to friend was coy:
Court-fauour fill'd but empty bookes,
and there I found no ioy.
Desert went naked in the cold,
when crouching craft was fed:
Sweet words were cheapely bought and sold,
but none that stood in sted,
Wit was imployed for each mans owne,
plaine meaning came too short:

All theſe deuiſes ſeene and knowne,
made me forſake the Court.
Vnto the Citty next I went,
in hope of better hap:
Where liberally I launch'd and ſpent,
as ſet on Fortunes lap.
The little ſtock I had in ſtore,
me thought would nere be done:
Friends ſlockt about me more and more,
as quickly loſt as wone.
For when I ſpent, they then were kinde,
but when my purſe did faile:
The formoſt man came laſt behinde,
thus loue with wealth doth quaile.
Once more for footing yet I ſtroue,
although the world did frowne:
But they before that held me vp,
together troad me downe.
And leaſt once more I ſhould ariſe,
they ſought my quite decay:
Then got I into this diſguiſe,
and thence I ſtole away.
And in my minde (me thought) I ſaide,
Lord bleſſe me from the Cittie:
Where ſimplenes is thus betraide,
and no remorce or pittie.
Yet would I not giue ouer ſo,
but once more trie my fate:
And to the Country then I goe,
to liue in quiet ſtate.
There did appeare no ſubtile ſhowes,
but yea and nay went ſmoothly:
But Lord how Country-folks can gloſe,
when they ſpeake moſt ſoothly.
More craft was in a buttond cap,
and in an old wiues rayle:
Then in my life it was my hap,
to ſee on Downe or Dale.

There

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There was no open forgerie,
but vnder-handed gleaning:
Which they call Country pollicie,
but hath a worser meaning.
Some good bold-face beares out the wrong,
because he gaines thereby:
The poore mans back is crackt ere long,
yet there he lets him lye.
And no degree among them all,
but had such close intending:
That I vpon my knees did fall,
and prayed for their amending.
Back to the vvoods I got againe,
in minde perplexed sore:
Where I found ease of all this paine,
and meane to stray no more.
There, Citty, Court, nor Country too,
can any way annoy me:
But as a vvood-man ought to doo,
I freely may imploy me.
There liue I quietly alone,
and none to trip my talke:
Wherefore when I am dead and gone,
think on the Wood-mans walke.

FINIS. *Shep. Tonie.*

¶ Thirsis *the Sheepheard, to his Pipe.*

Like Desert woods, with darkesome shades obscured,
Where dreadfull beasts, where hatefull horror raigneth:
Such is my wounded hart, whom sorrow payneth,

The Trees are fatall shafts, to death inured,
That cruell loue within my breast maintaineth,
To whet my greefe, when as my sorrow wayneth.

The

The ghastly beasts, my thoughts in cares assured;
Which wage me warre, while hart no succour gaineth
With false suspect, and feare that still remaineth.

The horrors, burning sighs by cares procured,
Which foorth I send, whilst weeping eye complaineth:
To coole the heate, the helplesse hart containeth.

But shafts, but cares, but sighs, horrors unrecured,
Were nought esteem'd, if for these paines awarded:
My faithfull love by her might be regarded.

FINIS. ¶ *Ignoto.*

¶ An excellent Sonnet of a Nimph.

VErtue, beauty, and speach, did strike, wound, charme,
My hart, eyes, eares, with wonder, love, delight:
First, second, last, did binde, enforce, and arme,
His works, showes, suites, with wit, grace, and vowes-might.

Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and deepe,
Held, pearst, possest, my iudgement, sence, and will;
Till wrongs, contempt, deceite, did grow, steale, creepe,
Bands, favour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.

Then greefe, unkindnes, proofe, tooke, kindled, taught,
Well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdaine:
But ah, alas, (in vaine) my minde, sight, thought,
Dooth him, his face, his words, leave, shunne, refraine.
For nothing, time, nor place, can loose, quench, ease:
Mine owne, embraced, sought, knot, fire, disease.

FINIS. *S. Phil. Sidney.*

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¶ *A Report Song in a dreame, betweene a Sheepheard and his Nimph.*

SHall we goe daunce the hay? The hay?
Neuer pipe could euer play
better Sheepheards Roundelay.

Shall we goe ſing the Song? The Song?
Neuer Loue did euer wrong:
faire Maides hold hands all a-long.

Shall we goe learne to woo? To woo?
Neuer thought came euer too,
better deede could better doo.

Shall we goe learne to kiſſe? To kiſſe?
Neuer hart could euer miſſe
comfort, where true meaning is.

Thus at baſe they run, They run,
When the ſport was ſcarſe begun:
but I wakt, and all was done.

FINIS. *N. Breton.*

¶ *Another of the ſame.*

SAy that I ſhould ſay, I loue ye?
would you ſay, tis but a ſaying?
But if Loue in prayers mooue ye?
will you not be moou'd with praying?

Think I think that Loue ſhould know ye?
will you thinke, tis but a thinking?
But if Loue the thought doo ſhow ye,
will ye looſe your eyes with winking?

Write

The ghastly beasts, my thoughts in cares assured;
Which wage me warre, while hart no succour gaineth:
With false suspect, and feare that still remaineth.

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Which foorth I send, whilst weeping eye complaineth:
To coole the heate, the helplesse hart contameth.

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Well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdaine:
But ah, alas, (in vaine) my minde, sight, thought,
Dooth him, his face, his words, leave, shunne, refraine.
For nothing, time, nor place, can loose, quench, ease:
Mine owne, embraced, sought, knot, fire, disease.

FINIS. *S. Phil. Sidney.*

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¶ A Report Song in a dreame, betweene a Sheepheard and his Nymph.

SHall we goe daunce the hay? The hay?
Neuer pipe could euer play
better Sheepheards Roundelay.

Shall we goe ſing the Song? The Song?
Neuer Loue did euer wrong:
faire Maides hold hands all a-long.

Shall we goe learne to woo? To woo?
Neuer thought came euer too,
better deede could better doo.

Shall we goe learne to kiſſe? To kiſſe?
Neuer hart could euer miſſe
comfort, where true meaning is.

Thus at baſe they run, They run,
When the ſport was ſcarſe begun:
but I wakt, and all was done.

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would you ſay, tis but a ſaying?
But if Loue in prayers mooue ye?
will you not be moou'd with praying?

Think I think that Loue ſhould know ye?
will you thinke, tis but a thinking?
But if Loue the thought doo ſhow ye,
will ye looſe your eyes with winking?

Write

Write that I doo write you bleſſed,
will you write, tis but a writing?
But if truth and Loue confeſſe it:
will ye doubt the true enditing?

No, I ſay, and thinke, and write it,
write, and thinke, and ſay your pleaſure:
Loue, and truth, and I endite it,
you are bleſſed out of meaſure.

FINIS. *N. Breton.*

¶ *The Sheepheards conceite of* Prometheus.

Prometheus, when firſt from heauen hie,
He brought downe fire, ere then on earth vnſeene:
Fond of delight, a Satyre ſtanding by,
Gaue it a kiſſe, as it like ſweete had beene.

Feeling forth-with the other burning power,
Wood with the ſmart, with ſhoutes and ſhrikings ſhrill:
He ſought his eaſe in Riuer, field, and bower,
But for the time his greefe went with him ſtill.

So ſilly I, with that vnwonted ſight,
In humane ſhape, an Angell from aboue:
Feeding mine eyes, th'impreſſion there did light,
That ſince I runne, and reſt as pleaſeth Loue.
The difference is, the Satires lips, my hart:
He for a while, I euermore haue ſmart.

FINIS. *S. E. D.*

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¶ Another of the ſame.

A Satyre once did runne away for dread,
with ſound of horne, which he him-ſelfe did blow:
Fearing, and feared thus, from him-ſelfe he fled,
deeming ſtrange euill in that he did not know.

Such cauſeleſſe feares, when coward minds doo take,
it makes them flie that, which they ſame would haue:
As this poore beaſt, who did his reſt forſake,
thinking not why, but how him-ſelfe to ſaue.

Euen thus mought I, for doubts which I conceaue
of mine owne words, mine owne good hap betray:
And thus might I, for feare of may be, leaue
the ſweet purſute of my deſired pray.
Better like I thy Satire, deareſt Dyer:
Who burnt his lips, to kiſſe faire ſhining fier.

FINIS. S. Phil. Sidney.

¶ The Sheepheards Sunne.

FAire Nimphs, ſit ye heere by me,
on this flowrie greene:
While we this merrie day doo ſee,
ſome things but ſildome ſeene.
Sheepheards all, now come ſit a-round,
on yond checquerd plaine:
While from the vvoods we heere reſound,
ſome comfort for Loues paine.
Euery bird ſits on his bowe,
As brag as he that is the beſt:
Then ſweet Loue, reueale howe
our minds may be at reſt?

Ecchoe

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Eccho thus replyed to mee,
Sit vnder yonder Beechen tree,
And there Loue ſhall ſhew thee
how all may be redreſt.

Harke, harke, harke the Nightingale,
in her mourning lay:
Shee tells her ſtories wofull tale,
to warne yee if ſhee may.
Faire maydes, take yee heede of loue,
it is a perlous thing:
As *Philomele* her ſelfe did proue,
abuſed by a King.
If Kings play falſe, beleeue no men,
That make a ſeemely outward ſhow:
But caught once, beware then,
for then begins your woe.
They will looke babies in your eyes,
And ſpeake ſo faire as faire may be:
But truſt them in no wiſe,
example take by mee.

Fie, fie, ſaid the Threſtle-cocke,
you are much too blame:
For one mans fault, all men to blot,
impayring theyr good name.
Admit you were vſde amiſſe,
by that vngentle King,
It followes not that you for this,
ſhould all mens honours wring.
There be good, and there be bad,
And ſome are falſe, and ſome are true:
As good choyſe is ſtill had
amongſt vs men, as you.
Women haue faultes as well as wee,
Some ſay for our one, they haue three.
Then ſmite not, nor bite not,
when you as faultie be.

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Peace, peace, quoth Madge, [illegible]
listing out of sight;
For women are as good as men,
and both are good alike.
Nay so, said the little Wrenne,
difference there may be:
The Cocke alway commaunds the Hennes,
then men shall goe for mee.
Then Robbin-Redbrest stepping in,
Would needs take vp this tedious strife,
Prou'd Loue, true-louing,
In eyther lengthened life.
If I loue you, and you loue mee,
Can there be better harmonie?
Thus sending, contending,
Loue must the victorie beare.

Faire Nimphs, Loue must be your guide,
chast, vnspotted Loue:
To such as doe your thralles betyde,
resolude without remoue.
Likewise ally Sheepheard Swaines
if you doe respect,
The happy issue of your paines,
true loue must you direct.
You heare the birds contend for loue,
The bubling springs do sing your choice,
The Mountaines and Fountaines
do Eccho nought but loue.
Take hands then Nimphes & Sheepheards all,
And to this Riuers murmures fall
Sing true loue, and chast loue
begins our Festiuall.

FINIS. *Shep. Tonie.*

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¶ Colin *the enamoured Sheepheard, ſingeth this paſſion of loue.*

O Gentle Loue, vngentle for thy deede,
thou makeſt my hart,
a bloodie marke,
With piercing ſhot to bleede.

Shoote ſoft ſweete Loue, for feare thou ſhoote amiſſe,
for feare too keene,
thy arrowes beene:
And hit the hart, where my beloued is.

Too faire that fortune were, nor neuer I
ſhall be ſo bleſt,
among the reſt:
That loue ſhal ceaze on her by ſimpathy.

Then ſince with Loue my prayers beare no boote,
this doth remaine,
to eaſe my paine,
I take the wound, and die at *Venus* foote.

FINIS. *Geo. Peele.*

¶ Oenones *complaint in blanke verſe.*

MElpomene the Muſe of tragicke ſongs,
With mournfull tunes in ſtole of diſmall hue,
Aſſiſt a ſillie Nimphe to waile her woe,
And leaue thy luſtie company behind.

This luckleſſe wreathe becomes not me to weare,
The Poplar tree for tryumph of my loue,
Then as my ioy, my pride of loue is left;
Be thou vncloathed of thy louely greene.

And

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And to thy leaues my fortunes written be,
And then some gentle winde let blow abroade,
That all the world may see, how false of loue,
False *Paris* hath to his *Oenone* beene.

FINIS. *Geo. Peele.*

The Sheepheards Consort.

Maiestie Sheepheards,
haske yond lustie ringing:
How cheerefully the bells daunce,
the whilst the Lads are springing?
Goe we then, why sit we here delaying:
And all yond mery wanton lasses playing?
How gailie *Flora* leades it,
and sweetly treads it?
The woods and groaues they ring,
louely resounding:
With Ecchoes sweet rebounding.

FINIS. *Out of Mr. Morleys Madrigals.*

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